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THE ELECTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE interest felt or affected by the Separatists in the elections of the past ten days has been closely connected with and has in a manner kept up the interest in the last night's debate on Mr. PARNELL's amendment to the Address, though that debate is now more than a week old. It is, we know, Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's opinion that, if anything could be more pulverizing to Unionism than the elections at Dundee, Southwark, and West Edinburgh, it would be the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE, and that if anything could be more pulverizing than the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE, it would be these three elections. But, since a period itself dating within a few weeks of the speech about Parnellite juice, Sir WILLIAM has announced the pulverization of Unionism about once a month; and the pestle and mortar have to be kept hard at work still. We must, therefore, take some other test than Sir WILLIAM's opinion. With respect to these three elections, to regard them as "virtually," or "morally," or in any other way victories for Unionism, would be to imitate the absurd tactics of Gladstonians themselves. Of course every Unionist would have been glad to win Southwark and Edinburgh, and though the winning of Dundee was almost an impossibility, would have liked to see a still greater impression made on the Separatist majority than was made, great as that was. The result of the fourth election at Doncaster has been a real Unionist victory in which the enemy has been beaten, and soundly beaten on his own ground. It is thus a very different matter from the other three. The howls of delight in which Gladstonians have indulged over these would certainly seem to indicate that peculiar state of mind which is supposed to cause thankfulness for small mercies. In two constituencies Separatism has held its own—a slight gain in numbers in one case being compensated by a heavy loss in the other. We admit that, as we have shown at length elsewhere, the Southwark election at least is very discreditable to Tory management; but it has lost no seat. As for the third, the peculiar position and conduct of the once Unionist, now Separatist, candidate makes the narrow contest of last Saturday a thing for neither side to boast much of. "They fight, and Unionist wounds Gladstonian; then in scuffling they change BUCHANANS, and Gladstonian wounds Unionist," is hardly too flippant a description of the affair. Mr. BUCHANAN succeeds Mr. BUCHANAN, and Gladstonian experience of the tenacity with which that honourable gentleman clings to his opinions should dictate a pleasing uncertainty as to the next development of them, and he may serve as treacherous instrument to one party as to the other. We repeat that we should have been very glad if the result had been different; especially as Mr. RALEIGH, though we agree with but few of his opinions, is one of the very few young Liberals who appear to have a reasoned and intelligible conception of politics as something else than the drag-hunt after whatever red-herring a popular leader chooses to trail. But if the success of a Gladstonian Radical by less than fifty votes over a non-Gladstonian Radical, and the maintaining of two Gladstonian seats in the one case by an increased and the other by a decreased majority, seem such dear delights to Separatists, it is a friendly as well as a reasonable thing to wish them no other. In that case, the tenure of office by their political opponents is likely, at least, to equal in length the Whig tenure started by WALPOLE or the Tory tenure started by Pitt.

Reflection, indeed, must, even if the killing frost of the Doncaster election had not supervened, have already considerably damped the unmannerly joy which would not let Mr. GOSCHEN be heard on yesterday week. Certainly Unionism need not be afraid to let its argumentative chances rest on the comparison of the speech then interrupted and that of

the CHIEF SECRETARY with the oration of Mr. GLADSTONE. That oration, too, was greeted with the same noisy joy as the announcement of the Southwark figures; but reflection seemed to come even sooner in this case than in the other. A curious and very noteworthy hesitation seems in the more respectable Gladstonian prints to have checked and chequered admiration of "GLADSTONE'S furthest," as the geographers would say, in the direction of demagogic. Among the many gifts and graces of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR the faculty of exasperating Mr. GLADSTONE is not the least; and it is probable that, if the CHIEF SECRETARY had not spoken before and had not rubbed the faces of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers in the dirt so vigorously, Mr. GLADSTONE's ratification of his Northampton anarchism and his outpourings of affection towards the representatives of anarchism on the Irish benches might have been less decided. To him and to his followers, as we know, the quotations and the reminders which barbed Mr. BALFOUR's speech seem supremely irrelevant. The Liberal party, it seems, has adopted a "new policy" since 1885; and though this assertion is hard to reconcile with the reiterated declarations that Mr. GLADSTONE'S present policy is the old, the only, the original policy of Liberalism, it may be freely granted that one more inconsistency matters little. The Gladstonian party is to have, it seems, *nova tabula*, dating from Mr. GLADSTONE'S own conversion, and though everything before that date may rank for claim against the Tories, Gladstonians recognize no antecedent engagements. It is convenient in the highest degree. And when all arguments from the past are ruled out as musty platitudes, and all arguments from the future are ruled out as fantastic apprehensions, the argumentative chances of Home Rule will, no doubt, be strengthened very considerably. Unfortunately the past cannot be ruled out except by consent, and the consent is not in this case likely to be given. And there must be at least some persons on Mr. GLADSTONE'S side who must have been rendered not a little uncomfortable by his last week's speech. Mr. PUNCH'S "Janus" is not forgotten either by peaceful Londoners, or, as it is obvious from the rant of BURNS and his fellows, by unpeaceful ones. Even the assurance of salvation which enwraps the ransomed soul of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN would, we should suppose, hardly protect him against a shiver as he thinks of having possibly to meet, as Home Secretary, either a Tory or a Socialist mob on the principles of "Re-member Mitchelstown!"

There is therefore nothing either in the speeches or in the events of recent days to disturb the Government if only it perseveres in well-doing. The way to perdition is indeed, as always, open and evident. At the first symptom of flinching on the part of Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues, the Separatists may have leave to bray delight as loudly as they please, and then at least there will be no possibility of finding fault with them. If there is one lesson unmistakably taught by the history of the last twenty years—that is to say, the whole history of England under widely extended suffrage—it is that the attempt to tack to catch popular breezes is certain to end in disaster. For the other party, whichever is the other at the time, can always outbid in concession; it cannot outbid in consistency. There is, for instance, since Mr. GLADSTONE'S conversion, after fifty years of Parliamentary and forty of Ministerial life, to the conviction that English Parliaments and English Ministries have been guilty of horrible and unvarying injustice to Ireland, nothing to prevent his personal reconversion to the most ferocious coercion—coercion to which the present *régime* is mildness, and even his own fiercer coercion of five years ago not great severity. He could do it, and Sir WILLIAM HAROURT could do it, and a few more. But it would not really pay. Ministers

need not fear the attempt to outbid them in that direction. On the other hand, they have not the slightest hope of themselves outbidding in the other, even if Mrs. FRANK BYRNE were offered the place of Mistress of the Robes, and a blank commission to appoint the Chief Secretary were sent to the Clan-na-Gael. It is comparatively seldom that in political life unwavering adherence to a particular policy is dictated, not only by honour, not only by statesmanship, but by the lowest as well as the highest considerations of prudence. That is the happy case of Unionism and the present leaders of Unionism. Consistency will keep them in office, at least till a general election, and in view of the inevitable result of any attempt, no matter what, to establish Home Rule, will bring them back, even if a moment of popular madness should once more place Mr. GLADSTONE in power.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

ALTHOUGH it is still uncertain whether the differences between Canada and the United States have been settled, a long step has been taken in the direction of an amicable arrangement. The Commissioners have provisionally signed a treaty which, even if it is rejected by the Senate, will greatly facilitate future and final negotiations. The assent of the Canadian Parliament would not, in the absence of special provisos, have been formally necessary as a condition of ratification, because the right of making treaties is vested in the Crown; but the treaty specially provides for the reference of its provisions both to the Canadian Parliament and to the Legislature of Newfoundland. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues must have authorized Sir CHARLES TUPPER to affix his signature to the treaty; and there is no reason to doubt that the Canadian Ministry will, in case of a contest on the point, be supported by its usual majority. The approval of the Imperial Government is little more than a matter of form. It is only as representing Canada that England has been a party to the dispute. If the English and Canadian Commissioners had been unable to agree, the whole negotiation would probably have been abortive; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have no motive for being more exacting than Sir CHARLES TUPPER. There appears to be some doubt as to the course which may be adopted by the American Senate. A majority of two-thirds is required for the ratification of the treaty; and, although public opinion in the United States seems to favour the proposals of the Commissioners, it is difficult to foresee the bearing of party politics on the question. The impending contest between the Democrats and the Republicans for the election of the President is probably regarded by the Senators as more interesting than the conclusion of a troublesome controversy with a foreign Power. If Mr. CLEVELAND can be plausibly accused of neglecting national interests, his adversaries will not hesitate to denounce an arrangement for which he is primarily responsible. The Senate has lately shown a remarkable indifference to the supposed wishes of England, though it had admitted their justice. A new extradition treaty, which had been all but unanimously approved by the Senate, was opposed by a Mr. RIDDLEBERGER, who represented for the occasion the Irish dynamiters. Although his arguments seem to have produced no impression, he contrived by "filibustering," which is the American equivalent of obstruction, to delay and ultimately defeat the Bill. It is possible that similar tactics may be employed in the more important matter of the Canadian Fisheries; but it is probable, if not certain, that the requisite majority will vote for the ratification of the treaty.

It was understood from the first that the duty of the Commissioners was not to ascertain the existing rights of either party, but to discover some compromise which should be practicable and just. A merely legal interpretation of the treaty of 1818 would not have been accepted by the Americans. On the other hand, it was not the interest of Canada to insist on the maintenance of rights which could only be asserted by force. The seizure of American fishing-boats, though it seems to have been in most cases legal, tended to provoke dangerous irritation. It could scarcely be denied that a convention passed seventy years ago must in some of its provisions have become obsolete. The popular estimate, though not the legal validity, of the treaty of 1818 had been impaired by more than one interval of suspension. American fishermen were neither able nor willing to understand how privileges which they had enjoyed for a series of

years could be equitably withdrawn. It is true that the price of the temporary license had ceased to be paid; but the class which was interested in excluding Canadian imports was not the same which claimed free access to the fisheries. During the late negotiations it became evident that the renewal of the reciprocity treaty would not be conceded by the United States, and the New England fishermen protested loudly against any instalment of Free-trade in the form of an admission of their Canadian competitors to American markets. On the other hand, the Canadians complained of the American encroachment on their fishing-grounds, and of the claim to procure bait on Canadian shores. Under the provisions of the new treaty, which is now published by order of the Senate, Canadian fish will still be excluded from American consumption by the operation of prohibitive duties. American fishing-boats will be admitted to provide themselves in Canadian ports with wood, water, and provisions, but they will not be allowed to purchase bait. The restrictions will be relaxed hereafter, if the fiscal legislation of the United States becomes more liberal. For the present concessions in favour of trade are watched with vigilant suspicion. The Canadian fishing-grounds appear to be more productive than those of their rivals. The American markets are of course more valuable than those of a smaller and less wealthy community. Both parties naturally wish to retain a monopoly of their respective national advantages. It would seem that the decision of the Commissioners is regarded as satisfactory in New England; but some Canadians are inclined to think that they have the worst of the bargain. The English and Canadian Commissioners probably did their best for their clients, and the stipulation which relates to the purchase of bait will, to a certain extent, discourage American competition.

One disputed point of international law has been for the present purpose authoritatively determined in the treaty. Territorial waters, as is well known, extend three miles seaward from low-water mark; but there has long been a dispute whether the boundary line follows the indentation of the shore or passes directly from headland to headland. The Canadians have always claimed the Bay of Fundy, including a large inland sea, as belonging to the Dominion. The Americans in this region construe the rule in the manner most favourable to themselves. The Commissioners propose to define the limits of national jurisdiction as extending three miles from low-water mark, except where it intersects bays which are not more than ten miles wide at the entrance. In this case the balance of advantage from the compromise seems to be on the side of the Americans, but in another region the principle which is now established will enable English vessels to engage in a lucrative trade. The disputes which have arisen as to the seal-trade in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits have not been submitted to the Commission; but it will be almost impossible for any American Government to controvert the rule which it has voluntarily applied to the Atlantic coast. The PRESIDENT had already ordered the release of one or more English vessels which had been seized by an American cruiser on the pretext of a trespass on the dominion of the United States. The English traders can scarcely have claimed a right to take the seals, inasmuch as the animals frequent the shores which are undoubtedly a part of American territory. On the other hand, they have a right to traverse the open sea; and their claim will scarcely be again disputed since the extent of territorial waters has, at the instance of the American Government, been strictly defined.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will have increased his reputation by his conduct of the negotiations. It is rather for his personal advantage than a matter of public interest that he should have secured the goodwill of all the American statesmen with whom he has had to deal. The prophecy that his Unionist opinions would render him unpopular has been wholly falsified. Probably responsible men of business may not have been unwilling to find an opportunity of proving their independence of Irish faction. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not visited Canada; but he seems to have acted in harmony with his Canadian colleagues, and with the Cabinet from which Sir CHARLES TUPPER received his instructions. Some objection had been reasonably taken to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's habit of giving publicity to his opinions on delicate points; but his indifference to diplomatic reserve may have been less inconvenient at Washington than it might have been at a European Court. His occasional declaration that he was making an arrangement among friends, and not settling a controversy with opponents, had

perhaps no practical meaning, except as an expression of courtesy and good will. A representative of England who should not be prepared for subtlety and vigour on the part of American diplomatists would probably regret his own unreasonable credulity. The history of the negotiations is of secondary interest, and it has not yet been fully told. It is not known whether the renewal of the reciprocity treaty was at any time discussed. If the proposal was made, it must have proceeded from the representative of Canada, for the American Commissioner had no instructions on the subject, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN objected to a scheme which would have involved the anomaly of distinctive duties levied on English imports while American produce was freely admitted. If the treaty is ratified by the Senate, to which it has been already communicated by the PRESIDENT, the ease and rapidity with which the business will have been completed contrasts strongly with the long duration of the controversy. The Treaty of 1818, though it superseded previous transactions, only marked one of the stages in the contest. The original Treaty of Independence had scarcely been concluded when the American and Canadian fishermen began to quarrel on the subject of their respective rights or pretensions. The Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the second American War, left the question open, and American disputants have not always recognized the validity of the Convention of 1818. Within a few months a grave American writer has attempted to reopen all the issues which were decided in 1818. It may be hoped that the new treaty, as it is more favourable to the United States, will, if it is ratified, put an end to disputes, at least during the lifetime of the present generation. It is desirable that the settlement should leave no soreness behind, especially on the part of Canada. The dream of Federation represents a serious and legitimate desire to preserve the good will and confidence of the Colonies.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S AMENDMENT.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S speech on Wednesday has, we own, disappointed us very much; and, as we have always had a serious admiration for Mr. LABOUCHERE, this is no laughing matter. If there is a rising politician on the Gladstonian side (a point on which we give no general opinion), it certainly is Mr. LABOUCHERE. He is not a fool, which distinguishes him from a considerable number of his fellow-members of that party, and he is not an ex-Minister who wants to be a Minister again, which distinguishes him from the rest. But Mr. LABOUCHERE does not seem to have risen to the height of the situation on Wednesday. When you put questions to a Minister in order to please the Irish benches one course of conduct only is incumbent on you; but when you make a solemn amendment on the Address, with Mr. GLADSTONE to follow, another course becomes necessary. We fail to perceive, with all our admiration for Mr. LABOUCHERE, sufficient evidence in his speech of the gifts and graces with which we have always credited him. His opinion of the *Times* and the *Times's* opinion of him are things not exactly interesting *ubi et orbi*, and might surely have been dismissed with greater brevity, and without the further appendix of a letter of self-justification to the newspapers. Furthermore, when a serious politician like Mr. LABOUCHERE makes a serious speech on foreign politics, he does not refer in Mr. LABOUCHERE's terms to the fall of the Bastille. Mr. BURNS and Mr. GRAHAM, no doubt, think that the Bastille was devoted to the excruciation of patriotic heroes like themselves. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who is a well-read man, knows that for many a score years before its destruction it was a Parisian Holloway, devoted chiefly if not wholly to the reception of libellers, coiners, persons convicted of indecent assaults, and so forth. Therefore Mr. LABOUCHERE should not have exulted so much over the destruction of the Bastille. As to the general purport of his speech, it has been civilly asked by supporters of his what harm it did? For our part, we always return civil answers to civil questions. The harm which Mr. LABOUCHERE's speech did is just this. It did no harm at the moment, for the reason that Ministers, who are not fools, had provided against its doing any. But it is evident, from Sir JAMES FERGUSON's reply, from Mr. GLADSTONE's comment, and from the remarks made on the Continent about the matter, that the possibility of such interpellations as Mr. LABOUCHERE's hampers British diplomacy in the most fatal manner. We do not say that anything of the kind has happened in the

present case. But it is quite possible that a foreign Power might be disposed to take up a line of conduct extremely beneficial to England, if it could depend on a certain pledge of English support. Then, says the English Minister, "We have the best dispositions towards you, but we cannot allow you to 'ask' or ourselves to 'give' such a pledge; 'for, if we do, there will be questions asked in the House of Commons, and the thing will be blown upon.' And so the Power reflects that it will be much better to make terms with some one else. Mr. LABOUCHERE is tolerably familiar with City matters, and he knows the difference between assets on which you can and assets on which you cannot raise money at a pinch. His object, whether he means it or not, is to put the influence of Great Britain in the latter class. And that is the harm which Mr. LABOUCHERE's motion and motions like it do.

However, in the blessed arrangements of this world (which was not created by Mr. LABOUCHERE) good generally comes out of evil, and out of Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment came Mr. GLADSTONE, clothed faultlessly, and in an uncommonly right mind. The debauch of last Friday night appears, as debauches sometimes do, to have brought on a reaction of quite marvellous sobriety; and we, for our parts, should be very glad to catch the Gladstonian CYNTHIA of the minute as she appeared on Wednesday last, and crystallize her for ever and a day. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE paid compliments to the mover of the amendment. Mr. LABOUCHERE, unless rumour lies, is going to have his choice in the next Gladstonian Government of the Home Secretariate and of a new portfolio of Public Worship, and it is impossible to be rude to a future colleague and a present wirepuller. But if Mr. LABOUCHERE (we think we have observed already that he is no fool) was pleased at Mr. GLADSTONE's treatment of his remarks, he must have a much more Christian spirit than even we credit him with and he would hardly have written to the *Daily News* as he did. Translated out of Parliamentary into ordinary language, Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks amount to about this:—"I have the 'highest opinion of my honourable friend, and of course my honourable friend cannot have meant anything that he said. If my honourable friend meant anything that he said, then my honourable friend would have been an exceedingly mischievous person; but as he clearly did not mean anything of the kind, why I have the highest opinion of my honourable friend." And so say all of us; adding, that when Mr. GLADSTONE speaks thus, we have the highest opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is one of the greatest misfortunes we know that Mr. GLADSTONE has condemned himself to complete ignorance of foreign policy. He would have made a really admirable Foreign Secretary, with his gift of language, if only he had ever taken the trouble to know anything about the matter.

We have already declared our intention of vexing Mr. LABOUCHERE's soul by saying nothing at all about Sir JAMES FERGUSON's answers. Every one knows what in certain cases will be the duty of the English Government, agreement or no agreement; and it is quite unnecessary to discuss the terms in which the English Government may have signified its intention to do its duty to the Italian Government or to any other. No similar impediment, however, interferes with speech as to the chance of "the case arising." It seems from various confident assertions that the Russian Government is going to venture on the *ignes suppositos* under the *cineri doloso* of Prince BISMARCK's suggestion, and to make proposals as to Bulgaria. We shall wait before surrendering the time-honoured belief that, if Russia is not exactly a pattern of diplomatic loyalty, she is at any rate a pattern of diplomatic astuteness. Nobody knows better than Prince BISMARCK that there is nothing like his theory of Russian "sway" in Bulgaria to be found within the four corners of the Berlin Treaty, and that, as soon as Russia endeavours to formulate any such claim, she will be met by other Powers with crushing rejoinders. Nobody knows better that if Prince FERDINAND occupies the Bulgarian throne without the formality of a European *visa*, it is only because Russia declined to give her share of that *visa* to any one except some cast footman of her own. The very moment, then, that Russia quits her present attitude of simple refusal to do anything, she is "bound in shallows and in miseries" of diplomatic defeat or else must plunge into actual violence. Prince BISMARCK, no doubt, would not be sorry to see either result. But any Russian diplomatist who has not lost his head ought to be very sorry to see the former; and we are not quite sure for all Sir CHARLES DILKE's lucubrations that any Russian general who has not lost his head ought

not to be very sorry to see the latter. No real difference has been made in the situation either by the statements of the Russian *Official Messenger* or by those of Lord SALISBURY on Thursday, though the latter were reassuring in tone and the former exhibit a certain, at least intended, moderation. With regard to England we can so far sympathize with Mr. GLADSTONE—a rare and curious sensation—as to feel quite sure that, until the quarrel is very clearly defined, it is better for England to engage herself as little as well may be. But the side on which, if not the extent to which, she ought ultimately to engage herself is clear to all those persons who have some acquaintance with the facts of foreign politics. We wish we could think that these persons include any considerable proportion of Mr. GLADSTONE's own party. For if there is one thing that is clearer than another in the strange welter of modern affairs, it is that all true Englishmen have but one interest in such matters, and that it is the interest of all true Englishmen to put an end to the fatal attempt made by English politicians twelve years ago—for the first time for many years—to climb to personal advantage on the shoulders of national disaster. We gladly recognize both in Mr. GLADSTONE himself and in some of his followers a desire to let these miserable bygones be bygones to some extent, and to accept a sounder view of affairs such as that taken by Lord ROSEBERY in loyal following of Conservative precedent. All "Tory Jingoes," who are worthy the name, will be very happy to make the penance of the penitents as light as possible. For "Tory "Jingoism" simply means knowledge of the facts of historical politics, and knowledge can always afford to pardon ignorance.

CRICKET REFORM.

THE success of our cricketers in Australia would, no doubt, be more gratifying to us if they were more annoying to the Colonists. But our brothers of the antipodes are said to have lost their interest in cricket. Just for a wind-hag of leather they left us, just for a chance of a smashed collar-bone. In fact, football has taken, in their fickle affections, the place of the nobler and more scientific pastime. They should take the advice of JAMES LOVE, comedian, in his *Cricket, an Heroick Poem* (London, 1770):—

O thou sublime Inspirer of my Song,
What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong !
Look round the Globe, inclined to Mirth, and see
What daring Sport can claim the Prize from Thee.

Mr. LOVE adds an exhortation, in prose, "to leave all "meaner sports, and cultivate cricket only." Now football is a meaner and a muddier sport, though all very well in its way. However, the Australians are too greatly gifted to "sin their mercies," and cricket will regain her eminence in the land of SPOFFORTH and GIFFEN.

Cricket in Australia is perhaps less in need of reform than cricket at home. Throwing is said to be practically unknown there; it has died in the cold shade of public disapproval. Perhaps nothing else can put it down here; for to define throw will always be, as Mr. KNIGHT knew fifty years ago, practically impossible. But throwing is as easily distinguished from bowling, in fact, Mr. KNIGHT said, "as the trot of a horse is from the walk or gallop" (*Sporting Magazine*, February 1828). This is not quite true. We have seen a bowler who, when watched from the side, was distinctly and undeniably throwing. But when one went to umpire it was impossible to "no-ball" him, from the bowler's umpire's point of view. There was Mr. EVANS, too—did he throw in the years of his great success? Cambridge men said he did, Oxford men said he did not. The bowler himself—a fact too much neglected—is not conscious of throwing. He never means to throw. His style degenerates into a throw by the attempt to get on more pace or more spin, while his conscience is like a sea at rest. Thus the bowler does not know he throws, and the spectators differ in opinion; so how can we expect an umpire to "no-ball" a brother in the cricketing art? The only remedy lies in the self-denial of captains and committees, who should decline to put on a notoriously doubtful and debatable bowler. This is a little hard on the bowler; but, if he has learned a dubious style, he must just unlearn it, and be very careful with his wrist and elbow. We doubt if a throwing bowler could bowl in a ball from long-leg as swift as he could throw it in; he would probably be conscious of using a different action, not the action he employs in bowl-

ing. But he must give way to the general good of the game, and learn a new and unimpeachable delivery.

We have tried not to be hard on the bowler who labours under the imputation of "chucking." For it is certain that modern bowlers are at a great disadvantage, thanks to the nicety of modern grounds. Twenty years ago shooters came once or twice in an over on many grounds, and more wickets were bowled by shooters than by yorkers. This was, we think, an excellent thing. Nothing in cricket was prettier than the lightning-like pace with which a good player came down on a shooter. Nothing was more pleasant to the bowler than to deliver a ball on the leg stump, a good length, and see it dart across to the off stump, without rising an inch, and scatter the bails. The batsman had then to trust far more to his eye than at present, and had, in forward play, to hold his bat so low that shooter could not glide under it. Now he can play forward far more confidently and even carelessly. The graceful old far-stretching forward play of FULLER PILCH has gone out. A kind of "half cock" suffices now. We cannot, of course, advocate a return to worse rolled and worse mown grounds for the purpose of favouring shooters. Perhaps a return to a lower delivery, like EMMETT'S or Mr. POWYS'S, might result in more shooters. Mr. POWYS, we think, would have sent in those left-hand shooters on almost any ground. But, deprived of his shooter, the poor bowler needs all the help he can get; hence cometh throwing, in the effort to combine pace and work beyond what is permitted. So what can be done for the bowler?

Much can be done by altering the law of leg before-wicket. There is nothing about leg before in the rules of 1774. The earliest l.b.w. we know of was in 1795; and soon came Lord FREDERICK BEAUCLER'S case, May 19, 1797. In 1853 a case came before the law Courts (*LANE v. BARNES*). At present the law is a mere protection to the batsman, and an injustice to the bowler. The object of the bowler is to give the balls which it will be most difficult for the batsman to keep out of what Mr. BOUNCER called his timber-yard. Now the most difficult balls are the balls which twist. And the law permits the batsman to play these very deliveries with his legs, his back, his shoulders. This is clearly unfair. Probably the rule that the ball shall have been pitched in a straight line from the bowler's to the batsman's wicket, and, in the opinion of the umpire, would have hit it, must be a legacy from days when a voluntary break was thought next to impossible. We know that LUMPY'S off-break back was regarded as a kind of miracle. When it was not permitted to bowl even underhand with the back of the hand upwards, twisting from leg was a pure accident. Legislators would argue that the batsman should not be given out when his body stopped a twist due to mere inequalities of ground. But now the twist is due to the difficult art of the bowler, and the law deprives him of his deserved advantage. By much care and pains he acquires the double break. Then the batsman calmly steps in front of the stumps and does with his legs what his bat was meant to do. You can hardly get a man out l.b.w. except with a yorker or full pitch, non-twisting balls.

To ourselves the remedy seems obvious. Let a man be given out when he saves his wicket with anything but his bat. It is heartbreaking to a bowler, and tedious to spectators, to see a batsman fall over or step in front of his stumps and receive all the twisting deliveries in his pads. The rule should be that a man is out when he stops with his legs or body a ball that, in the umpire's opinion, would have hit the wicket. This leaves a good deal to the umpire; but something must be left to him, and something is left, even under the present rule. The game will be shortened, and made more lively. Instead of placing his body before wicket to a ball outside the leg or off stump, a batsman will be compelled to play at the ball. He may play it, or he may give catch, or he may be bowled clean—all much better alternatives than the modern *coup de botte*. Innings will be much shorter and much better worth seeing. The game of the *coup de botte* is not worth seeing at all. In this direction opinion is tending; and, if all batsmen were bowlers, the rule would have been altered long ago. The umpire, of course (except at country matches), will always give the batsman the benefit of any doubt in his mind. May we suggest that, when he is almost sure, he should enter a verdict of "Not Proven," to be registered by the scorers? Three "Not Provens" would mean one "Out," and a batter of dubious honesty would fall at the third warning. This would be an agreeable novelty, and would make batsmen very careful to use their natural defensive weapon—the

bat, not the legs, which were never meant by nature as the cheap defence of wickets.

This is the chief legislative reform that cricket requires. Shorter space for lunch, less gorging at lunch, earlier beginning of matches, rapid sending in of the next man, are rather moral reforms, and they, too, are greatly needed. In country matches, and when a certain great cricketer is given out anywhere, we would gladly introduce the old rule of the Ashdown Coursing Club:—"If any gentleman finds fault with the umpire's decision, he is to be amerced "a gallon of wine" or shandygaff.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

THE House of Commons and the Farmers' Alliance were simultaneously engaged on Monday last in the difficult task of discovering remedies for agricultural distress. The Alliance, which had for some time past appeared to be in a moribund condition, for once deviated from its ordinary course of attacking the landlords into a discussion of schemes of co-operation. According to a statistical statement furnished by Mr. JAMES HOWARD, the share of the farmer in the selling price of his produce is less than three-fifths of the whole. The rest is said to be intercepted by corn-dealers and other middlemen, whose participation in the profits of industry is naturally grudging. One of the speakers expressed the opinion that the profits of retail dealing, if it were undertaken by the farmers, would be larger than the present results of agricultural industry. No experiment could be more legitimate than a trial of co-operation, if only it presented a reasonable expectation of success. In many large towns it has long been practised with advantage in the machinery of distribution; but it has almost always failed when it has been applied to production. Frequent appeals to farmers to combine against the butchers have produced little practical result. The tendency of modern trade is rather to increase than to diminish the division of labour. It may be added that manufacturers have greater facilities for common action than a scattered rural population. In contests with middlemen the interests of producers and consumers are for once the same; but the butchers and the speculators in corn are more than a match for the farmers and the general community.

It is not surprising that in despair the tenants should first turn on their landlords, and that they should then demand the only kind of protectionist legislation which seems to be within their reach. The Alliance hopes to obtain through the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill the exclusion of much foreign competition. It has no scruple in preferring a claim to a share in the property which belongs to railway shareholders. The agricultural body as such has not contributed a shilling to an outlay of several hundreds of millions on the construction of railways. Its self-appointed spokesmen openly disregard the Parliamentary title on which large and small capitalists relied when they advanced their money. Some of the claimants perhaps fail to understand that the proposed legislation affects traders and consumers even more largely than railway Companies. Others who are better informed take care to conceal their knowledge. One suggestion which was made at the meeting of the Alliance seems to have fallen flat. A sanguine speaker declared that the rural community would not be satisfied with anything short of absolute control over the local rates. If any advantage results from the Local Government Bill, it will not take the form of increased parsimony. There can be little doubt that the municipal franchise will be extended to all householders, and, indeed, there are strong reasons in favour of such a policy. The Councils which are to levy and expend the rates will therefore represent a constituency which will have an interest rather in promoting than in checking expenditure. Farmers are a thrifty race; but cottagers will have little scruple in taxing their richer neighbours.

The House of Commons was meanwhile debating on a nostrum which is much less likely than co-operative enterprise to restore agricultural prosperity. Lord JOHN MANNERS, who represents the existing Committee of Agriculture, announced the intention of the Government to create a more dignified and more ambitious department, under the same or a similar name. On some future occasion the Minister will probably give some explanation of the reasons for introducing a change in the duties of the new Government office. The Chancellor of the Duchy, through his subordinates, administers the law re-

lating to the diseases of animals, and statistics are collected in a manner which appears to give universal satisfaction. Probably some additional functions will be assigned to the office; and a few agricultural enthusiasts will think that they have obtained a valuable concession. What the department will do must be ascertained by experience. It is easier to define the objects which it will not accomplish. No addition will be made to the price of wheat, nor indeed is it desirable that legislation should tend to produce even a fractional dearth. Anything which the department can effect might probably be as well done by the same persons, under their existing title. It must be confessed that the new arrangement will probably be innocuous, and it may possibly serve to mitigate agricultural clamour. The representatives of rural constituencies were much more deeply interested in a far more questionable measure. Lord JOHN MANNERS explicitly stated on behalf of the Government that it is proposed to abolish preferential rates on railways. The Farmers' Alliance could not be more indifferent than the House of Commons to considerations of justice to the railway Companies, and to the impolicy of arbitrary interference with the course of trade. One of the oddest peculiarities of the agitation is that the prohibition of preferential rates will afford no relief to the imaginary sufferers. The railway Companies will be differently affected, according to their geographical conditions. Some of them will lose a considerable traffic. Lines which have no direct competition with the sea have comparatively little interest in the question. It has never occurred to the farmers or their friends to inquire into the reason of an apparent anomaly. They can hardly believe that railway Companies cultivate a perverse sympathy with foreigners or a spite against their own countrymen. The proposed revision of tariffs involves much more serious consequences than the diversion of a certain amount of traffic from railway trucks to steamships. Freighters will, as at present, decline to tax themselves for the benefit of domestic industry.

The natural guardians of property are unfortunately not always to be trusted with the defence of vested rights in which they have no direct interest. Capitalists and millionaires sometimes encourage interference with the ownership of land; and conversely landowners join the assailants of the large class which has invested money in railways. It must be admitted that in the last Session the House of Lords discussed the Railway and Coast Traffic Bill in a spirit of moderation; but some of its members proposed or supported amendments which would have been equally objectionable in principle and in their immediate operation. The announcement that the forthcoming Bill will be the same with last year's measure, as it passed the House of Lords, is, it may be hoped, literally or approximately true; but the representatives of certain sections of the community already begin to agitate for further innovations, and experience shows that advocates of special interests are better organized than defenders of proprietary right and of the public good. The House of Lords, after full consideration, overruled the plausible arguments which were urged against differential rates in favour of foreign produce; but Lord JERSEY has given notice of his intention to reopen the controversy by an amendment on the second reading of the Bill. The House of Lords, if it can be persuaded to condemn a reasonable and almost necessary practice, will not only deprive the railway Companies of a legitimate source of profit, but will impose a burdensome tax on large bodies of consumers. Farmers who have not studied either political economy or the conduct of railway traffic may be excused for grudging the apparent advantage which is in some cases enjoyed by imported or exported produce. Their instructors ought to understand better the nature and the reasons of the practice which they condemn. In the majority of cases the native producer would derive no possible advantage from the prohibition of a system which is beneficial to all who are concerned in its maintenance. The valuable work on Railway Rates which was published a year ago by Mr. GRIERSON explains and illustrates in full detail the motives and the effects of an apparent preference which is in fact created by natural causes; but the general theory is easily understood by all who have studied the working of railways. The tariff which is called differential is for the most part regulated by the competition of the sea. Mr. GRIERSON mentions, as an instance of differential export rates, the charge on tea despatched from London to Liverpool for exportation to America. If the railway rate were to exceed a certain small amount, the tea would be shipped in London and consigned either to Liverpool or to the ultimate place of destination. The tea-

dealer or grocer at an intermediate station—as, for instance, at Birmingham—though he pays a higher mileage rate on his tea, would neither gain nor lose by a change in the through rate between the ports. The larger question of an arbitrary repudiation of the bargain between the Companies and their customers may be separately discussed. The injustice of many popular schemes of readjustment is caricatured in a Bill to be introduced by Sir E. BIRKBECK for the exclusive benefit of the fish trade. The proposer coolly repeals all the Acts under which railways have been constructed, as far as they establish a tariff for the conveyance of fish. A new scale of rates is to be enacted at the instance of the freighters, and of course with as little regard to the interests of the Companies as to their legal rights. The carriage of fish by certain trains is to be made compulsory, and indeed the promoters might almost as plausibly confiscate that part of the railway revenue which is derived from the fish trade. If the Bill is not summarily rejected, every producer and every dealer may, with equal reason, ask Parliament for a proportionate share in the plunder which will have been authorized.

THE LONDON ANARCHISTS.

MONDAY evening's meeting at Allen's Riding School was not exactly the most important thing which has happened in our times, but it was an historic event of a kind. It marked the establishment in London of anarchist meetings on the well-known French model. We have had things of the same sort already; but they were, comparatively speaking, hole-and-corner affairs, quite tame and colourless. This was wholly on the lines of the great original; like an equally noisy, but gayer, assembly, it had "rugissements et bondissements, bacchanale et saturnale, galop infernal, ronde du sabbat, tout le tremblement." There was a crush and a squeeze; the stewards were hustled out of the way; popular speakers were dragged, breathless and with bursting buttons, through a mob of yelling enthusiasts; half the speeches could not be heard; Mr. STUART, with his lion of AGAMEMNON, was ruthlessly smothered in noise; it is said that a good deal of portable property changed hands on its way to the fence; and, to complete the fidelity of the imitation, there was the correct attempt to storm the platform, with the obligatory accompaniment of kickings out and broken heads. "Tout le tremblement" was there; DAVITT and BURNS stood for the practical revolutionist; STUART, M.P., made a good "fruit sec"; not even a professorship and a laboratory replete with every comfort can save him from belonging to the race. Mrs. ANNIE BESANT took the part created by Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL when the piece was first played in Paris, and did it very well. Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is not so easy to please. If we could believe that when he fell back, weakened by skill and overcome by emotion, into the arms of his wife and mother (*ma mère* was to the fore, of course), he was heard to mutter "Est-ce que j'ai bien joué mon rôle?" one would know what to make of him. But Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM probably said nothing so cynical. There is a ring about his rant which inspires some confidence that he believes in it. He is not without an afterglow of the manners of a gentleman in his talk; and, besides, he can be really funny on rare occasions, even when he means to be humorous, and always when he means to be heroic. For this let us thank our stars; for we do not get too much of it in these days. If Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM had to be ticketed, the word "névropathe" would probably best serve the turn. It is modern, it looks learned, and it is rather more polite than the adjectives applied in the *Tale of a Tub* to the persons of more—much more—nerves than brains who are apt to go rabid in times of political excitement. The managers of the show in Allen's Riding School had the good luck to secure in Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM an actor whose temperament exactly suited the part and spared him the trouble of acting.

It is not necessary to examine the stuff of the oratory at the meeting. An anarchist assembly must talk anarchy. As the meeting, too, spent the more part of its time in elbowing, pushing, pocket-picking, and shouting, and as the speakers foamed at things in general, it would be peculiarly superfluous to discuss Mr. M. DAVITT's seven points. The taxing of ground-rents and free education are, though in very different degrees, practical questions. An eight-hours working day; the exemption of all incomes under 150*l.* from all kinds of taxation; and good houses for workers at

a fair, not a profit, rent, are of the nature of demands for the moon. Is tobacco to be sold untaxed? are beer and spirits to be supplied free from excise to all who earn less than 150*l.* a year? A more Christian system of relief than the workhouse, and public relief works in times of distress, are points in the new charter which will doubtless have the approval of Cardinal MANNING. But the resolutions of the meeting are of infinitely less interest than the meeting itself. They are ordinary nonsense; but it is a sign of the progressive conversion of the Gladstonian party to anarchy. When a notorious Socialist agitator, who has hitherto hung on the skirt of rows, and kept a whole skin, came forward at the close of the proceedings in response to a call, and began to scold Messrs. STUART and PICKERSGILL for not joining earlier in the agitation, he did more than provoke an attempt to storm the platform and a free fight, he made a note of the evolution of the Gladstonian Liberal. A little while ago members of Parliament who supply Mr. GLADSTONE with slanders, and Parliamentary nonentities whom Edinburgh prefers to Mr. GOSCHEN, held aloof from the agitation. Now they come on the platform with DAVITT, BURNS, and Mrs. ANNIE BESANT. So far they have advanced; and when in the natural course of things their dissenting church begins to develop fresh dissent, they will go on with the more advanced bodies as soon as they have been again pricked up from behind. This, of course, is the natural fate of STUARTS and WALLACES, and does not signify much; but it does signify somewhat that alliance with BURNS and Company is found consistent with the position of Gladstonian Liberals. To be sure we see no reason to lament the formation of the alliance, having for our own part a shrewd suspicion where it will lead the contracting parties.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.

IT is not common, even in these days, to find a debate so neatly divided into sense on one side and nonsense on the other as was the debate on Dr. CAMERON's amendment of last Tuesday night. The Doctor and other speakers on his side—not only the Crofters' members, but Sir G. TREVELYAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH—had the nonsense entirely to themselves. On the polite supposition of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR they must be allowed to have the interest of the Crofters really at heart, and if they had any suggestion to make, it would at least be listened to. But, as the IRISH SECRETARY told them in the course of his very able speech, something besides enthusiasm is expected from Doctors who are to cure the patient. It was, however, all they had to offer. A very considerable part of their harangues was taken up with vehement and frequently contradictory statements on matters of fact which may or may not be of interest, but have really nothing to do with the best way of helping the Crofters in the Lewis. Whether Dr. CAMERON is right in saying that a certain body of raiders eat the deer they kill, or whether Mr. MACDONALD is to be believed when he says that this curious people will rather die than steal, though they are prepared to destroy, is a nice subject of inquiry for the student of the character of the islesmen. As matters of administrative detail, the necessity or the reverse of employing large bodies of soldiers and marines—the judgment, or want of judgment, shown by the Crown lawyers—and the adequacy or excessive severity of sentences passed on rioters, have, no doubt, an interest of their own. But, in whichever way they are settled, they do not in the least affect the main question. If the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND was unduly frightened and the Crown lawyers were all bunglers, the Crofters would be no better able to escape starvation than before. If their spokesmen in Parliament deserve the credit given them by Mr. BALFOUR, they must wish, it would seem, to save their constituents from famine first of all, and chastise administrative bungling when the more pressing work is done. They prefer to begin with the lesser task. A little windy eloquence is mingled in their speeches with a great deal of carping at Ministers and Sheriffs. The mixture ought perhaps to be treated with civility in the House, where it is of more importance to keep up old traditions of courtesy than to give Messrs. CAMERON, SUTHERLAND, and others a sufficient dressing; outside it chiefly inspires a wish to apply certain passages in the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* addressed to persons who thought themselves "men of virtue, benevolence, what not," but were not "even men of sincerity and honest sense." The end of the phrase might be advantageously changed to common honesty.

The speeches of the LORD-ADVOCATE and of MR. BALFOUR were a striking contrast to the frothy talk from the Opposition benches. Their defence of the Scotch Law Officers, though sufficiently vigorous and convincing, was properly subordinated to the main question. The LORD ADVOCATE was officially bound to devote more attention to the defence of his officers; but both speakers brought reason and knowledge to the debate. MR. MACDONALD restated the evidence, to show that the population of the island has increased until it can no longer be supported by any industry within its reach, and that this is the main source of the present misery. MR. BALFOUR dealt most effectually with the sentimental arguments of the Crofters. No answer can be made to his criticism on the claim advanced for the Crofters as clansmen, and therefore part owners of the tribal land. This belief, which, as MR. M. CAMERON rather weakly puts it, the Crofters hold, "right or wrong," affords no shadow of justification for interference with the land of other clans. There is, indeed, an almost unprecedented amount of foolish loose talk on this subject. Among the Crofters who have lately been getting into trouble is one of the name of KERR. What possible right can a KERR, who must be a Borderer by descent, have as a clansman in the island of Lewis? Neither do the sentimental talkers on the Opposition side explain what is to happen when the clan grows too large for its own land. The MACDONALDS can hardly go over in lymphads to Ulster and butcher another SHANE O'NEIL. MR. BALFOUR was well justified by the facts in insisting that the deer-forests only cover land which is unremunerative either for sheep-farms or cultivation. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was talking Radicalism of the usual sentimental kind which is so effective in some quarters now when he asked whether MR. WINANS's gillies were a change for the better from the old race of small cattle-farmers. He did not explain how the small cattle-farmers were to make both ends meet with stock at its present price. It is one of the causes of the poverty in Lewis that stock has sunk some sixty per cent. in value of late. Sir GEORGE's little jeer is characteristic of the whole line of argument adopted by his side, in which gushing twaddle does duty for reasoning. Whether MR. WINANS's gillies are superior or inferior in moral character to small stock-farmers, it is none the less the case that barren land will not support a large population, and that, in the absence of industries, the people of the overcrowded Lewis must starve. The remedy is, as every competent and honest observer knows, emigration. The wish of the Crofter members to replant parts of the mainland with families from the isles, who would simply starve, as the old cottiers did, is contemptibly dishonest and immoral. MR. BALFOUR and his colleague had an overwhelming superiority in argument. They will, of course, not remain content with a debating club success, but will take practical measures. There is one sentence in Dr. CAMERON's speech with which we may safely agree. It asserts that "It is the province of the responsible Government "to state what steps should be taken in the present state of "things." It is, and if the responsible Government neglects its duty, it will briefly find that it has put a rod in pickle for its own back.

The discussion on MR. ANDERSON's amendment of Wednesday afternoon differed from Dr. CAMERON's very much as the Lowland differs from the Highland agitator. It was more sane-looking and very much duller. With the single exception of MR. WALLACE, who made a most unmannerly attack on MR. BALFOUR, the supporters of the motion spoke with at least an attempt to be temperate and reasonable, but essentially they were as revolutionary in their demands as any of the Crofter members. MR. ANDERSON asked that Parliament should interfere to break, or at least seriously modify, the terms of a large body of contracts. Like other men engaged in agriculture, the Scotch tenants, who hold their farms on nineteen years leases, have suffered from the prolonged depression. This is sufficiently notorious, and it has been known for some time that the tenants have of late been very much dissatisfied with their bargains. As Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL acknowledged, the tenants have hitherto valued these long leases as a protection against their landlord, who was precluded by them from raising the rent in times of prosperity. In these times of depression, however, the long lease works with exactly contrary effect, and the tenant who took his farm at the end of the series of fat years, and at a rent calculated on the profits of prosperous times, finds that in these lean years he has made a burdensome contract. On these grounds MR. ANDERSON and several

other Scotch members call for special legislation on behalf of the tenant, or for the extension of the Crofters Act to all parts of Scotland. In spite of the moderation of tone with which the request was made, it may be pronounced not only unsound in principle, but even a little impudent. The tenants as a body reaped very great profits by help of the long leases during the good times after the Crimean War, and there is something decidedly audacious in a request that when the tide turns they should be exempted from suffering loss through fall of prices. It does, indeed, seem certain that there must be a general readjustment of rents all over Scotland, and it is even probable that considerable changes may be introduced into the relations between tenants and landlords. As the existing leases fall in new ones can be made on other terms, and it may be taken for granted the tenants will no longer offer nor landlords expect to receive the old scale of rent. But the readjustment may be arranged by free dealings between the parties, and ought to be. The present rents were fixed by competition among the tenants themselves. The leases were put up to auction, and the tenants must be supposed to have understood their own interests, and to have calculated that on a general balance of loss and gain they would make their profit in the course of the nineteen years. If the price of agricultural produce had risen, what a clamour would have been raised at the suggestion that the contracts should be revised on behalf of the landlord! It is certainly not in the public interest that the actual leaseholders should be ruined by their bargains, but nobody is more interested in preserving them from this misfortune than the landlord. The owner of an estate who was harsh enough to ruin a tenant by severely exacting his pound of flesh would be very briefly punished by finding himself with a farm on his hands from which he would probably get neither rent nor profit of any kind. In spite of the assertions of the tenant-farmers' friends in Parliament, there is no reason to suppose that Scotch landlords, as a body, have been so blind to their own real interests as to refuse the reasonable abatements of rent made necessary by the heavy and probably permanent fall in prices. The LORD ADVOCATE perhaps gave too favourable a view of the condition of Scotch agriculture when he said that he did not think any farms were lying vacant in the country; but Scotch farmers have suffered less than the English. They have certainly not suffered so severely as to afford any justification for an interference with the sanctity of contract for their benefit.

MR. BLUNT'S ACTION.

A DISAGREEMENT of the jury who tried the action of BLUNT *v. BYRNE* was always so eminently probable an issue of the case that the plaintiff's sympathizing friends in Ireland had plenty of time to prepare their own explanation of it. The particular fiction upon which they have elected to rely is perhaps about as good as another. Their assertion that the jury were divided in the proportion of eleven to one in favour of a verdict for the plaintiff proves nothing more than that the human personality is indivisible, and that they were, therefore, precluded from describing MR. BLUNT's majority as one of eleven and three-quarters against the remaining fraction. It is just as likely—or as unlikely—that the proportion was exactly reversed, and that every jurymen but one was disposed to find for MR. BYRNE; and it is a far more likely theory than either that the division of opinion between them approached much nearer to equality. Even those who hold as confidently as we ourselves do that MR. BYRNE ought to have got his verdict will probably see more than one reason for feeling no surprise at the actual result. The Gladstonian commentators who have been foolishly exulting in the fact that what they describe as "even a Dublin special 'jury'" has declined to uphold the action of the Irish Executive, have probably conceived a most exaggerated idea of the average status, whether social or educational, of the kind of tribunal which they thus ignorantly extol. In England, at any rate, the normal difference between at least three-fourths of the men who form the special jury panel and the common jurymen is not by any means so vast as these observations appear to assume; and in Ireland, we apprehend, the distinction is likely, if anything, to be still less marked. Such being the case, it would have been strange, indeed, if the Dublin jury-box had

failed to contain its proportion of gentlemen who were "agin the Government," and whose natural prejudices—for it is not in the least necessary to impute to them anything worse than perversity—might easily incapacitate them from seeing anything but the plaintiff's side of the question.

The mere failure, however, of the jury to agree in rejecting Mr. BLUNT's claim is a matter of comparatively minor importance. To the public it is much more material to be enabled to say whether, on the evidence as summed up for them by the judge, they ought to have agreed on its rejection. And on this point, fortunately, there is not the smallest room for doubt. There is, indeed, no exhibition of impudence on which the Nationalists have more amply earned the congratulations of their English admirers than they have on the assertion that the principles laid down by Lord Chief Baron PALLEs were, on the whole, favourable to the case of Mr. BLUNT. The CHIEF SECRETARY to the Lord Lieutenant did not put the matter a whit too strongly in saying in his reply to Mr. DILLON that "the character of the evidence given in court, and the tenor of the judge's charge, must entirely remove any doubt as to the gross illegality of the meeting which Mr. BLUNT, in spite of the warnings of the Executive, persisted in attempting to hold." The most cursory glance at the series of questions which the LORD CHIEF BARON put to the jury suffices to dispose of this question. He asked them first—and, of course, merely formally, since the affirmative was virtually admitted on both sides—whether the plaintiff resisted and disturbed the police in dispersing the meeting on October 23; secondly, whether the object of that meeting was to incite the people to agree not to pay their rents, and thereby injure the landlords; thirdly, whether its object was to incite the tenants and others to agree to resist the execution of writs and decrees; and, fourthly, whether it was its object to incite persons to agree to deter tenants by threats and menaces from paying their rents, or by like means to deter all persons except evicted tenants from taking evicted farms, and to coerce them to give up and quit the same. The fifth and seventh questions were whether there was an agreement to incite to refusal of rents or resistance of process, and whether the meeting was held to further that agreement. The sixth question was whether an agreement existed to incite tenants to pay their rents, or portions thereof, to persons other than their landlords, and whether it was in furtherance of that agreement that the meeting was held. In the eighth question the jury were asked whether the plaintiff took part in the said meeting, with all or any of the intents mentioned in the said agreement; and by the ninth and last question they were called upon to determine whether the circumstances in which the meeting was held were reasonably likely to produce danger to the peace and tranquillity of the neighbourhood.

It might fairly be objected that some of these questions were, on the previous showing of the charge itself, superfluous; but that objection may be readily waived. If the issues submitted to the jury were needlessly multiplied there would still be no reason to regret a course which has exhausted all the questions, relevant or irrelevant, which have been raised in the course of the case. It is quite conceivable that a jury might on the evidence, and without the slightest suspicion of prejudice, have returned an answer adverse to Mr. BLUNT on every one of the questions, from the first to the last. They might, that is to say, have held not only that the object of the Woodford meeting was to incite to the refusal of rent, and to the resistance of legal process, but that there was a well understood if tacit agreement to that effect, to which Mr. BLUNT, on the evidence of his previous dealings with Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GILL, must be deemed to have been a party. They might have found that he did take part in the said meeting, not only with some but with all the intents above mentioned, and that he did hold it in circumstances which were reasonably likely to produce danger to the peace and tranquillity of the neighbourhood. A perfectly impartial jury might, we say, have answered all these questions adversely to Mr. BLUNT, while on the other hand no jury with the slightest pretension to such a character could have answered all of them in his favour; and it is to be observed that, leaving the formal first question out of account, an adverse answer to any one of the other eight would of itself have been fatal to the plaintiff's case. Even if they had been answered in his favour from the second to the eighth inclusive—to take the most favourable assumption that the case admits of—a finding against him on the ninth alone would have amounted to a verdict for the defendant. Even if Mr. BLUNT's object had been an inno-

cent one, and he was convinced at the same time that it was safe to hold the meeting, this would have given him no grievance against the Executive, or any cause of action against their officer, unless such conviction accorded with the facts. "The peace and quiet of a neighbourhood cannot 'depend,' as the LORD CHIEF BARON drily remarked, 'upon the belief or want of belief, the knowledge or want of knowledge of a stranger who only spent three days in "the district." Even on the judge's extremely charitable hypothesis that Mr. BLUNT meant to be as good as his placard, and "preach patience to the people," his summons of the meeting was the special cause of dangerous local excitement, equally indefensible. If "he, who in quest of silence, 'Order!' hoots," and is thereby apt to make "the hubbub 'he imputes," deserves little thanks from the well-behaved portion of an audience; and the man who inflames the passion of an excitable people by adjuring them to be calm, is no better friend to the tranquillity of a district than his counterpart is to the decorum of a theatre.

Apart from the particular incident which has given occasion for it, the charge of Lord Chief Baron PALLEs should be of some political value merely as a general statement of the law. We have been treated of late by the Gladstonian press to a most imposing display of legal learning on the subject of public meeting. These writers have apparently just discovered, and announce with befitting pride, that the Proclamation of the LORD-LIEUTENANT does not of itself make a meeting illegal, and they seem, with the usual logic of their school, to have proceeded thence to the conclusion that such a proclamation of a meeting in no degree affects the antecedent presumption of its legality. For such persons the LORD CHIEF BARON's charge, with its words of very emphatic warning to those who undertake the responsibility of defying such Executive administration, should be useful and instructive reading. They may learn, too, from these well-weighed judicial deliverances that danger to the peace of a district is not, as they have assumed throughout the controversy, the only ground on which a Government is justified in proclaiming a public meeting. It may surprise some of them to find that incitement to rent-robery is just as illegal as provocation to disorder; that in particular the illegality of the Plan of Campaign, of which some of them have ventured to approve, and with which many of them have coquetted, has received solemn judicial reaffirmation; and that a learned judge has deemed it necessary to add the reminder that a meeting held to promote spoliatory schemes is an illegal meeting, to take part in which, or to aid or promote it, is an offence for which those committing it may be criminally proceeded against.

TWO DOGS.

WEDNESDAY'S papers contained a couple of instances which show what man has made of dogs. We are not referring to sausages, or any other form of artificial food, in which the presence of their flesh may be suspected of lurking. A live dog is better than a dead lion; much more, then, is it superior in importance to a corpse of its own species. The dogs with whose misfortunes we hope to excite sympathy have indeed escaped from the cruelty or negligence of mankind, and gone to a better world, where it may be piously assumed that they have plenty of hunting, and are never whipped, either "publicly or privately," as Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's pet statute has it. But they both came by violent deaths, and perhaps the consideration of their sufferings may serve to protect survivors against similar calamities. By far the more shocking of the two cases was heard at the Hammersmith Police Court before Mr. FENWICK, and most people will think that the result was quite inadequate, so far as the sentence upon the defendant is concerned. EDWARD GALE, described as a "pensioned police constable," was summoned for maliciously killing a dog, and, being convicted, was fined three pounds, together with two shillings for costs, and half a sovereign as the value of the animal. It will be observed that Mr. GALE, of whom it is satisfactory to think as no longer in the police force, was not prosecuted, as he might surely have been, for cruelty to animals, but for malicious injury to property. According to the evidence adduced by the complainant, which Mr. FENWICK appears to have believed, Mr. GALE was seen "pushing a rake into a box containing the dog," and "the dog was crying." It was afterwards found dead. We can conceive no reason, unless

it be a purely technical one, which might have been avoided by framing the summons in a different way, why a man who behaves in this way should not be sent to gaol. It seems that Mr. GALE had some grievance against this poor brute, for he was heard to say, "I have been looking for you all night." But if human beings wreak their vengeance in this savage fashion, which, besides its wanton barbarity, is a scandal and annoyance to the neighbourhood, they should be made to feel some small part of the torture which they deliberately inflict. Possibly the bereaved owner of Mr. GALE's victim may have been more desirous of obtaining pecuniary compensation for his loss than of punishing the canicide. The man who can put a price upon his dog will be thought by many people to be unworthy of its affection. But, however this may be, the law which is supposed to protect animals ought to be more stringently enforced.

The fate of Rock, which was investigated on the same day by Mr. Justice MANISTY and a common jury, is less tragical than that of the poor creature prodded with a rake in the dark. Rock, a retriever, perished in a manner which the jury found to be accidental, and therefore, although he may be lamented, he cannot be avenged. It is difficult for the least susceptible not to drop a tear on the remains of Rock, at once so clever and so guileless a beast. The only consolation which can with decency be even suggested to his sorrowing acquaintances is that his life was very happy, and that he had no premonition of his melancholy end. Rock was attached to a hotel, as any dog with a good appetite and a love of variety would like to be. Yet was Rock no irregular roysterer, no professional enemy of the police, no disturber of the repose of Southend. If he did not always come home to tea, he always went out to dinner. He dined early, and his hostess, who deserves a place of honourable record in his obituary notice, was Mrs. BRUNT, of Lorne House, Marine Parade. Mrs. BRUNT gave him mutton and beef, the beef roasted plain, the mutton roasted with trimmings. It is not easy to write calmly of what occurred on the 22nd of April, 1887. Mrs. BRUNT shall tell the sad story in her own pathetically simple words. "The dog," she says, "was upon the footpath wagging his tail and anticipating the morsel I was preparing for him. . . . I went to the table to cut the meat, and then I heard a fearful crash, and a thud and a terrible groan, and I said, 'Poor Rock, he is run over!' When I went out the dog was gone, but there was the mark of the 'wheel upon the kerb.' The driver of the cart which caused this terrible catastrophe declared that his horse ran away with him, that he was doing his best to pull it up for his own sake, and that he never saw the dog at all. It was further alleged to be Rock's habit to lie upon the road, whether from careless confidence in mankind at large, or from a particular belief in the Jehus of Southend, which has not been justified by events. Some persons in court, with a painful inability to distinguish between the ridiculous and the sublime, had the bad taste to laugh when Mrs. BRUNT described her departed friend as "more intelligent than many men." The compliment is not extravagant, though doubtless the homage was sincere. The verdict which the jury found for the defendant was, in the circumstances, inevitable, and Mrs. BRUNT may have been mistaken in supposing that Rock was not, on the 22nd of April, lying where she had seen so many men lie. Dogs should be discouraged by those who have their best interests at heart from lying in the road until the human race has learned to drive.

MILITARY STORES.

THE FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY and the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR are both to be called upon to justify the whole system of administration of their departments when the House goes into the Committee of Supply. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is to try the effect of his Saxon in Parliament after using it to comparatively little purpose in the Admiralty, and Mr. HANBURY is going to ask the War Office why it does not intend to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Stores. The second, at least, of these demands for explanation ought to lead to an interesting and, if properly conducted, important debate. The question which Mr. HANBURY put to Mr. STANHOPE on Tuesday evening shows what object he wishes to obtain. He called upon Mr. STANHOPE to say whether the Government had adopted, or was about to adopt, these three

recommendations of Sir JAMES STEPHEN's Commission:—namely, the appointment of a Commission to lay down a standard as to the amount of stores which should be kept in hand for the public service; the publication of annual tables showing how the existing stores stood in relation to that standard; and the publication by the chief of the Ordnance Department of an annual statement showing what stores he considered necessary for the public service during the current year." Mr. STANHOPE's answer was equally explicit as to the intentions of the Government. It does not intend to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and apparently for two reasons. The first is, that no such public statements have ever been made in this country or any other country; and the second is, that the War Office does not intend to carry out recommendations of the Commission. This last does not look much like what is commonly called a reason, except when preceded by the possessive case of the substantive "lady"; but Mr. STANHOPE seems to have seriously quoted the decision of his department as if it was its own justification.

When the matter comes to be argued out, some better argument may be produced, and it certainly ought to be asked for. The recommendations of the Royal Commission were, no doubt, not above criticism. The publicity which it wished to see practised in the Supply Service of the army would be certainly a novelty in this country and every other. But a thing is not wrong because it is new; and without being the best, may be better than what already exists. No great ingenuity would be required to make out a case for publicity. Our neighbours are generally approximately aware of the extent of our power to defend ourselves or attack them. They will probably in any case prepare to attack us with a force calculated on the supposition that we are in a reasonably sufficient state of defence. Our danger is not that an enemy will be encouraged to fall upon us by learning that we are short of stores, but that we ourselves may go on in a state of blind confidence that we are properly supplied when, as a matter of fact, we are fatally deficient in many necessaries. But, if the War Office considers publicity as too dangerous or too irregular, that part of the Royal Commission's recommendations need not be pressed. The first quoted by Mr. HANBURY is by far the most important of the three. Whether the War Office publishes a yearly return on the state of the stores matters much less than whether it knows what quantity of stores, armament, and men it ought to have. Now what Lord WOLSELEY told the Royal Commission was that the War Office had no idea on this subject. It was, he said in substance, absolutely disqualified from maintaining an efficient army by its entire ignorance of what an efficient army is. This was what Lord WOLSELEY meant when he said that the British army had no standard to work up to, and the members of the Royal Commission were so convinced of the truth of his opinion that they recommended the adoption of measures which would supply HER MAJESTY's Secretary of State for War with a model. Mr. STANHOPE avoided saying whether this useful measure of quantity and quality is to be supplied; but his silence was abundantly instructive. No Commission will be appointed to set up a standard for the British army. When Mr. HANBURY's motion is made in Committee of Supply, we hope that it will receive sufficient support to compel the War Office to listen to the late Royal Commission. Until the standard spoken of by Lord WOLSELEY is supplied—until, that is, we know what kind and amount of army we ought to have—it is next to impossible to arrive at any certainty as to the value of what we have actually got. There has been enough chopping and changing, enough vague experiment, enough jumping in the dark. We have spent needless millions and wasted untold quantities of material through want of a definite policy. The publicity which Mr. STANHOPE shrinks from would really only be dangerous if the army is to be kept in a bad state; but we presume that is not the deliberate policy even of the Minister who cut down the Royal Horse Artillery. For the rest, it was only suggested as a guarantee for the fidelity of the War Office to the standard of efficiency when it had been supplied. We are prepared to trust the department so far as to dispense with yearly reports if once a limit is known to be fixed below which the stores must not be allowed to fall. Up to the present there has been no such limit, and it is notorious that just before the Russian war scare the storehouses were shamefully empty. The desire of the Royal Commission was that the nation should never be subjected to such a

risk again, and we believe that that is the determination of the nation itself. If we can be protected without giving up the old practice of secrecy, well and good; but if publicity is needed to protect us against the politician, then we must have publicity.

THE LAST OF THE ADDRESS.

IT will probably be considered—so rapid, as a rule, are the processes of demoralization—that the House of Commons has got through the proceedings on the Address with a despatch worthy of its ancient character as a business-like assembly. Yet it seems only a few years since people were holding up their hands in indignant amazement at the prolongation of these proceedings for eleven days—their exact duration in the present instance. Everybody then went about asking his neighbour what the House of Commons was coming to. Subsequent events have supplied that question with a sufficiently informing answer. The House of Commons was coming, and within a year or two came, to a state of things in which an eleven days' debate on the Address has come to appear quite a moderate—almost an ascetic—allowance of aimless and unpractical talk. It was coming, in fact, to a habit of debating the Address for at least three weeks, and only consenting at last to discontinue it after the application of the most powerful pressure on the part of the Government. All improvement, however, is of course relative, and we have no wish to grudge the public its self-congratulations on the fact that a purely ceremonial proceeding which began on the 9th of February was brought triumphantly to a close on the 23rd. It is true that, if we were to scrutinize too closely the exact application of these eleven working days, we should probably come to the conclusion that their number might, without giving the slightest ground of just complaint to any one, have been reduced by a full half; that Mr. PARNELL's amendment might perfectly well have been moved on the second night of the debate; and that, while two nights would have amply served for its due discussion, two more might well have sufficed to dispose of the other more or less inconsiderable proposals brought forward subsequently and on the report stage, which, under the new rule, it is to be hoped, will be abolished altogether. The first purpose, indeed, to which this stage of the debate was turned came very near to being something worse than idle. It was only saved from being mischievous by Mr. GLADSTONE's eminently wise determination to improve the opportunity for showing that it is still possible for him, when it suits him, to debate grave questions of foreign policy from quite another standpoint than that of an old Parliamentary hand.

Of the debate of Thursday night we need say no more than that it was an abuse of the functions of Parliament—according at least to any theory of them which has ever been put forward by constitutional writers of authority. Unless among the objects for which the House of Commons exists is to be included that of enabling an ambitious ex-Minister who is conscious of having fallen a little behind in the running to explain how he would like to give a fillip to his notoriety by getting himself imprisoned, but had thought that, on the whole, he might manage to advertise himself sufficiently without undergoing so grave a discomfort—unless, we say, the House of Commons exists in part for such purpose as this, the debate which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE insisted upon raising upon Thursday night was simply a flagrant abuse of an already much-abused institution. For the object to which we have referred was as palpably before Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's eyes throughout the whole of his hour and a quarter speech as the pretended object set forth in his amendment was not. The speech was, to use Mr. BALFOUR's accurate description of it, "autobiographical" from beginning to end; and the CHIEF SECRETARY would have been perfectly justified in treating it exclusively from that point of view in his reply. Nothing happier than Mr. BALFOUR's actual dealing with it from this point of view has been witnessed in Parliament for a long time. The half-dozen sentences devoted to the discussion of the precautions taken against arrest by the agitator who reproached the Government with leaving him at large hit the exact tone which was most appropriate to the occasion. The moral of the whole incident is, as Mr. BALFOUR said, that, if right honourable demagogues will take so much trouble to proclaim their loyal and peaceable intentions, they "must not be disappointed if Ministers take them at their word." It only remains to add that that part of Mr. SHAW

LEFEVRE's speech which did in some measure bear upon the ostensible object of his amendment was even more conclusively disposed of by Mr. BALFOUR than its autobiographical portion.

POISON AND CRIME.

THE humdrum life of commonplace respectability which most of us lead is happily sometimes lighted from above. But it is also occasionally pierced from below, and a court of assize in a large town is not unfrequently the place from or through which this chastening power appears. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has been dealing at Liverpool with some very bad cases indeed. He has made an innovation in punishment, and revived flogging just when it seems not to be required. But the subject on which we desire to dwell is the influence of drink as exemplified by JOHN GORDON, "found guilty of attempting to murder his wife, MARY GORDON, under circumstances of great brutality." The story is a very shocking one, a very disgusting one, and one from which most people would instinctively turn away. But it is necessary to face these things, and it was never more imperatively necessary than at the present time. There are many excellent people who say that all crime proceeds from drink, and that all drink is bad. The second of these two propositions is absurd on the face of it; and anybody, as the homeopathic doctor said in a recent controversy, can try the experiment upon himself. The first part of the double assertion is not true either, but unfortunately familiar occurrences give it far too plausible an air of truth. A judge of Assize, on returning from Circuit, is only too apt to say that all men are liars, and that all criminals are drunkards. There are two obvious explanations for the latter article of faith. In the first place, we may assume that alcohol is a diabolical agency; in the second place, we may prefer the hypothesis that a great deal of alcohol becomes through adulteration very bad. Against the former supposition we have to set the undoubtedly truth that many people drink a reasonable quantity of intoxicating liquor and seem neither physically nor morally the worse for it. In favour of the latter we may urge that brutalities are committed after boozing in certain public-houses, brutalities to which unaided human nature does not aspire, and is not equal. Parliament is well described as the great inquest of the nation. But Parliament resolutely shuts its eyes to the fact that beverages are concocted within these realms which are abominable in themselves, deleterious in their consequences, and essentially subversive of social order. GIBBON said that the example of the Crusaders was no less fatal to military discipline than repugnant to evangelical purity. Bad spirits are almost as productive of crime as they are provocative of thirst.

The trial on which Mr. Justice GRANTHAM delivered his soul revealed no very novel or striking features. But it is one of those cases which ought to attract the attention of Parliament, and which might even suggest to the fanatics of so-called temperance that they have got upon the wrong tack. People cannot be prevented from getting moderately drunk, except, perhaps, by religion and philosophy. They ought to be precluded, so far as is possible, from getting mad drunk, if only because their condition is then dangerous to their wives, families, and neighbours. The wretched GORDON, who has been sent into penal servitude for fifteen years, was plentifully supplied with drink beforehand at several public-houses. The state of facts was such that the Judge let himself go, and expatiated with the utmost freedom upon the manner in which the prisoner had been served. He spoke of the "unholy profits" made out of that "horrid traffic," and it is impossible to say that he was wrong. There is a class of pot-house and of gin-palace, about which respectable people know little, but which supplies the dock, the asylum, and the gaol with many of their inmates. "People like Mr. McCANDLISH," said the Judge, "were content to live out of their ill-gotten gains by engaging managers, whom they put in to do their dirty work, and make money out of these unhappy people, forgetting or blinding their eyes to the fact that, while they were themselves living on the fat of the land, poor wretched women were left starving, and children were left almost dying of starvation, because fathers were induced to spend money on drink in the way in which this man did who had been at home a fortnight, and drinking all the time, and was fooling away his money, while Mr. McCANDLISH and others were fattening on it." Excited by this beastly

tippling, JOHN GORDON more than half murdered his wife and is now in penal servitude. We may say that it serves him right, and so no doubt it does. But the moral we wish to enforce is that Parliament ought to deal at once, and to deal strongly, with a gross abuse of the traffic in liquor. The Local Government Bill may be a good thing, and licensing reform may be a good thing. What we most emphatically demand is some efficient check upon the sale of drugs which, whether they be called beer, wine, or spirits, are in fact poison.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

WE wonder how much of the persistent misrepresentation of the letter recently addressed by Lord SALISBURY's solicitor to Mr. BRADLAUGH is deliberately malicious and how much is mere honest confusion? Judging by what we know of the Gladstonian tactics, we should have been disposed to say that it was all of the former character; but there is substantive evidence that some of it is of the latter description. Even the *Times*, discussing Sir R. NICHOLSON's letter with an obvious desire to criticize it fairly, has shown an equal incapacity with its Radical contemporaries to distinguish between the responsibility for writing a letter and the responsibility for publishing it; or, at any rate, has displayed an equal proneness to the conclusion that a perfectly legitimate and reasonable disclaimer of the latter responsibility amounts to, or at least suggests, a disingenuous repudiation of the former. It is, therefore, necessary to remind both the candid and the uncandid critics of Sir R. NICHOLSON's communication to Mr. BRADLAUGH with reference to the letter signed "R. T. GUNTON" that it is characteristic of letters to be sent by their writers to the person to whom they are addressed; that those persons, having then the physical control over them, may abuse that control by publishing them without the authority of their writers; and that in that case their writers are obviously free from all responsibility whatever, either legal or moral, for the consequences which may result from such unauthorized publication.

It is strange that considerations so plain as these, and considerations so clearly, if only impliedly, indicated in Sir RICHARD NICHOLSON's letter to Mr. BRADLAUGH, should have to be thus elaborately insisted upon; but it seems to be necessary. The facts of the case are as simple as can be. Mr. BRADLAUGH makes, in the course of certain legal proceedings held in November last, a statement on oath to the effect that he had seen a cheque, signed by Lord SALISBURY, which had been sent to certain persons to assist them in getting up a meeting in Trafalgar Square. This Lord SALISBURY immediately and publicly denies. Next day he receives a letter from the persons who were said to have received the cheque, indignantly denying the story on their own part, and suggesting that Mr. BRADLAUGH should be prosecuted for perjury. To this Lord SALISBURY very naturally replies, through his private secretary, that, though the statement amounted to wilful perjury, it would not be punishable as such, not being relevant to the issue under trial in the legal proceedings in question. This letter its recipients, without the authority of the writer, and therefore with gross impropriety, sent to the public press. As addressed to themselves, it was in all probability privileged; as given by them gratuitously to the world, its legal character, of course, might be very different. Under these circumstances it is monstrous to contend that the writer of the letter incurs any moral obligation whatever to assume a legal responsibility which he never had the slightest intention of assuming, and which would have been simply forced upon him by the wholly unauthorized act of other people. Nor does the repudiation of such responsibility convey—as the *Times* appeared so strangely to imagine—any suggestion of an attempt to evade the responsibility for the writing of the letter. If we consider it as a written document, the signature "R. T. GUNTON" undoubtedly is equivalent to the signature of Lord SALISBURY; but if we regard it as a communication inserted in the newspapers, Mr. GUNTON's name undoubtedly ceases to represent Lord SALISBURY's, and stands, if it stands for anything, for that of the man who sent his letter to the newspaper offices. Lord SALISBURY has gone to the furthest point to which he can in reason be required to go in calling Mr. BRADLAUGH's attention, through his solicitor, to the denial which he did publicly oppose to Mr. BRADLAUGH's statement. If that denial amounts to libel in imputing a false statement to Mr. BRADLAUGH in a matter which must be within his

personal knowledge, he has his remedy. He complains, as appears from his last letter, that it is "not actionable." If so, it can only be because he has suffered no legal wrong at Lord SALISBURY's hands. No doubt the letter published without authority was actionable; but Mr. BRADLAUGH can hardly expect Lord SALISBURY to adopt the actionable conduct of other people, merely for the sake of indulging Mr. BRADLAUGH with the luxury of an action.

OSTRICH-FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OSTRICH farmers in South Africa are at present suffering as much from bad times as our agriculturists at home. Feathers that were formerly worth twenty-five pounds now only bring thirty shillings, and a pair of birds that could not be bought some years ago under several hundred pounds would not at present fetch more than twelve. Some time ago a gentleman "prospecting" was looking over a fence into a camp when an ostrich spied a diamond in his pin, and in an instant picked at and swallowed it. A sort of court-martial was held, the relative values of the bird and the diamond being accurately calculated. The ostrich was worth 100*l.* and the pin 9*l.*, so the ostrich was spared. The verdict would now be most decidedly the other way. The only redeeming feature in ostrich-farming nowadays is the amusement to be got out of studying the ways of these weird birds, which look as if only by some mistake they had survived the deluge, and that they would be more in their right place embedded in the fossiliferous strata of the earth than racing about on its surface. Ugly, awkward, and brainless as are these birds when full-grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes, and a plump round body. All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature while still scarcely able to stand that is most amusing. Instead of feathers, the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and grey as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their round prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of coarse, wiry feathers replaces the particoloured stripes which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old and look only fit to be made into dusting brushes. In the second year they are a little like the ostrich feathers of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the first two years the male and female birds are alike; but at each moulting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black, except the wings and tails, which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male bird, the large scales on the fore part of the leg, and sometimes the skin of the head and neck assume a deep rose colour. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the males become savage and their "booming" is heard in all directions. The bird inflates its neck like a cobra and gives three deep roars, the two first short and "staccato," the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless armed with a "tackey," the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory which by some tribal arrangement is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible, yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the "tackey." When an ostrich challenges he sits down and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that in self-defence these vicious males (generally the finest birds) have to be killed.

The hen ostrich lays on alternate days, and if every second egg is taken away she will produce from twenty to thirty, sometimes as many as sixty, eggs. Twenty is the largest number the birds can satisfactorily cover. Each morning and evening the nest is deserted for a quarter of an hour to allow the eggs to cool, which was probably the cause of the old belief that they were left by the parents to be hatched by the sun. As a general rule, the two birds sit alternately, the cock at night, because his superior strength and courage makes him a better defender against midnight marauders. At the end of the six weeks of sitting both birds are in a miserably enfeebled condition. It has been found curious to watch one undutiful hen who absolutely refused to take her share of work, so the poor husband, determining not to be disappointed of his progeny, did all the sitting himself, bravely and patiently, day and night. He nearly died of exhaustion. The next time this pair had a nest, the cock made up his mind to stand no such nonsense. He gave the hen such a severe thrashing, that one would have thought she had not a whole bone left. However, this Petruchio-like treatment had the desired effect, for the wife never again rebelled, but sat patiently and persistently. Very different from this couple were the Darby and Joan of the camp. One morning

the hen, frightened by a Kaffir's dog, ran into the wire fence, and was so terribly injured that she had to be killed. For two years poor Darby was a disconsolate widower, and all attempts to find him a satisfactory second wife were unavailing. Several hens which in succession were placed in his camp were only rescued at the "tacky's" point from being kicked to death. It was truly pitiable to watch the poor bird wandering up and down day after day on the hard track worn by his restless feet. At last he consented to choose a successor to his beloved Joan; but apparently the choice was not a fortunate one. The new wife—a magnificent hen above the average size—tyrannized over him unmercifully. Darby's spirit seemed quite broken by his long fretting, and he made no attempt to hold his own, but was for the rest of his days the most hen-pecked, or rather hen-kicked, of husbands. It was difficult to manage so that he had enough to eat; for whenever he came near the food the greedy hen would drive him away, standing on tiptoe and hissing viciously, and it was only by waiting until she was out of the way that it was possible to give him a feed. As a father Darby was no less devoted than he had formerly been as a husband, and to please him the chicks, instead of being taken away, as is usual when they are a few days old, were allowed to remain with the parents. The poor little birds, however, fell victims to their father's over-anxious disposition. Apparently never satisfied that the "veldt" was good enough, he kept them continually on the move, going such long distances that he literally walked them as well as himself to death. Not many days after the last chick's decease Darby's own poor body, worn to a skeleton by these restless wanderings after the six weeks of anxiety during incubation, was found on the veldt.

The surplus eggs more than the ostriches can cover are hatched in an incubator—a machine calculated to destroy for the time being the most heavenly temper. Some imp of mischief seems to be perpetually at work, causing the thermometer to indulge in the wildest vagaries. The proper temperature is 103°. Perhaps one degree more heat would be wanting, so the lamps would be slightly raised, producing for some time not the slightest effect on the temperature, which would then unexpectedly go up at a bound, and all the drawers have to be opened and jugs of cold water dashed wildly at the top of the incubator. As soon as the chicks are hatched they seem to begin to die off; and there is never the least hope of saving a sick ostrich, whatever its age. They are naturally long-lived; indeed, it is almost impossible to state the limit of their lives, as they do not in a state of nature show any signs of decrepitude, nor do their feathers deteriorate. Accident or stupidity alone seems to put an end to their career. Utterly incapable of taking care of himself, an ostrich resents being looked after by his human friends; and when, in spite of all their precautions for his safety, he succeeds in coming to grief, he sullenly opposes every attempt to cure his injuries, and at once makes up his mind to die. If his hurt is not sufficiently severe to kill him, he will attain his object by moping and refusing to eat; anyhow, he dies, often apparently for no other reason than because his master, against whom he always has a grudge, wishes him to live. He seems to die out of spite, just as a Hindoo servant will starve himself and waste rapidly away, and then come and expire at the feet of the employer with whom he is offended. There was a certain old Dutchman who, by simply bringing one leaf of the prickly pear from Cape Town to Graaff Reinet, caused the whole region to be overgrown with it. The ostriches, with that equal disregard for their own health and the pockets of their owners for which they are famous, acquire a morbid taste for this prickly food, and go on indulging in it until their heads and necks look like pincushions, and the almost invisible fruit-thorns line the interior of their throats, besides so injuring their eyes that they become perfectly blind. Often was an unhappy bird brought in a helpless, half-dead state, to be nursed; but no amount of care and attention was ever rewarded by the recovery of the patient. There it would squat for a few days, the picture of misery, its ugly neck lying along the ground in a limp, despondent manner, like a sea-sick goose on the first day of a voyage. Many times a day would food be forced down its letter-box of a throat; but all to no purpose. It had made up its mind to die, as every ostrich does immediately illness or accident befalls it, and most resolutely would it carry out its intention. The injury from which ostriches most frequently die is the fracture of a leg, and this accident often is owing to the dervish-like habits they have of waltzing when in particularly good spirits. They go sailing along in the bright sunshine, their beautiful wings spread giving them the appearance of white balloons, but they have an unfortunate tendency to become giddy and tumble down. Some birds can "reverse" as cleverly as a practised human dancer, but the accomplishment is rare. Sometimes they fight savagely, and in an instant one of the belligerents is down with his leg snapped across and all but knocked off by a frightful blow, and then his owner can only have the melancholy consolation of making him into soup.

When, as sometimes happens, a solitary chick is reared at the farmhouse, it becomes absurdly and often inconveniently tame. One called Jackie was the terror of all the little niggers about the place; for, as they sat on the ground with plates of rice and pumpkin in their laps, Jackie would bear down upon them, requisitioning from one plate after another. Occasionally he acted in such a menacing manner that the youngsters dropped their plates and ran away crying. Jackie would then squat on his heels amongst the *débris* and regale his enormous appetite at

leisure. But one day retribution came. Having spotted the pot in the kitchen out of which the pumpkin and rice always came, he thought he would attack the fountain-head, so plumping his head into the pot, he greedily scooped up, and, with the lightning-like rapidity of ostriches, tossed down his throat a large mouthful of boiling rice. Poor fellow! the next moment he was dancing round the kitchen, writhing in agony, shaking his head nearly off, and twisting his neck as if bent on tying it into a knot. Finally he dashed wildly from the house, and the last that was seen of him was a little cloud of white dust vanishing on the horizon. On a large farm when the time for plucking arrives it is no easy matter to collect the birds. Men have to be sent out in all directions to drive the ostriches in from the distant spots to which they have wandered. Little troops are gradually brought together, and collected, first in a large enclosure, then in the plucking kral, and finally in the plucking-box—a most useful invention. In it there is just room for an ostrich to stand; he cannot possibly turn round, nor even kick. Two operators, one at each side, with a few rapid snips of the shears soon denude him of his long white plumes. The stumps are left in for three months, when the Kaffirs generally pull them out with their teeth. After the plucking comes the sorting into "prime whites," "blacks," "tails," &c. For some days feathers pervade everything. In fact, the house becomes almost uninhabitable. If an ostrich feather is held upright it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancient Egyptians chose the ostrich feather as the sacred emblem of truth and justice, setting it upon the head of Ma, goddess of Truth.

DIABOLUS OBFUSCATIO MEA.

IT was the use and wont of the old-fashioned Radical, whom fond memory loves to think of as a more amusing, if not less benighted, person than his modern equivalent, to describe the two Universities as "sleepy." That reproach, if he had been alive, the good man could hardly bestow on at least one of them during the present week. Oxford has been very wide awake indeed. She has knocked on the head one of the very neatest little academic jobs which jobbery ever tried:—the creation of a new little patent place in which a distinguished Professor, who has been relieved of the work of his own professorship, was to do the work of the paid representative of another Professor who has been (still "with a pinion") relieved of *his* work. That chapter of the Book of Job is closed for the present, at any rate. Also it has been heard from Lord Randolph Churchill a singularly vigorous Union speech, tearing the flimsy substance of Home Rule well to tatters. The third event of the week, though connected with this last, is of the other complexion, yet not without colour of comfort for Unionists. With immense efforts, and many months after their distinguished friends, the Oxford Liberal Unionists, have shown that nearly the whole brains of the Liberal party in the University are on that side, a formal address in favour of Home Rule has been got up by resident graduates and sent to Mr. Gladstone. This is to be followed up, it seems, by a dinner (not, thank Heaven, a converzazione; Oxford Gladstonianism is not Irish enough for that yet), and they say that five hundred undergraduates are going to eat that dinner. Let us hope that no one of the more finical admirers of agrarian murder will have on that occasion to imitate the Sybaritic practices of Mr. Arthur Pendennis at "the other shop." When they charged Pen with taking perfumed baths, it will be remembered, he defended himself by saying that it was "after meeting a very low set of men in hall." Alas! at no time has either seat of learning been free from low sets of men. However, the undergraduate *personnel* of the Oxford Home Rule League—the motto of which exists ready made, as quoted at the top of this article, and is a most appropriate substitute for the effete old original—is not now the present subject of inquiry. It is necessary to the undergraduate mind to belong to some society, especially to some society that dines, and we need not fear that the young persons who join the Home Rule League will take to Quirk or Fitzmaurice like their friends the Parnellites, any more than we need fear that fraternization with the Society of Ancient Buffaloes will lead them to bellow.

But the Home Rule Resident Graduate Address is much more interesting. Here we have, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, "so much of the University of the future," which would seem to be a rather unkind reflection on the University of the present as represented in the list. Here we have on the same infallible authority "so many names distinguished for the cultivation of history—a field which, I venture to say, we have made and are making almost entirely our own." There must have been some very tricky fiend at Mr. Gladstone's elbow that day. For what Unionist students of history say is exactly this, that their Separatist friends are making a history of their own—a history strictly new and original. Nor had the fiend done with Mr. Gladstone even then; for the right honourable gentleman went on to describe the list as an "unexpectedly large minority," the names of which he wishes to "be given to the world." It is always a particular pleasure to us to comply with Mr. Gladstone's wishes, and the world shall have the names, or at least some of them, with a few remarks of a general character on the others. There is perhaps only one name here which can excite, if not surprise, at any rate regret. It is that of the Provost of Queen's, whose friends (we do not

know that he has any enemies) would certainly like to see it elsewhere. But Dr. Magrath has never that we know of devoted any special attention to politics, or shown any special ability in them, and the most able men of business, with the most agreeable personal qualities, may be led astray by nationality and other things in politics as in any other field.

However, turn we to the task of surveying this unexpectedly large minority, representative of the University of the future as Albert Smith's picture was of Strasburg Cathedral in the dark. There is no doubt that considerable pains must have been used in constructing and sweeping the net, the meshes of which appear to have been small enough to prevent the escape of a gentleman, to whom we refer in all politeness, but who is unable to put his qualifications as a resident graduate higher than "B.A.: non-Collegiate." Far be it from us to deny the residence or the graduation of a B.A. non-Collegiate, but it will be admitted that we have here what is rarely to be found in any art or science, an example of the nearest possible approach to a negative which is yet positive. There are, indeed, certain Honorary M.A.s who cannot put even "non-Collegiate" after their respectable names, but the Herodotean formula is nowhere better worth remembering than in the case of Honorary M.A.s. Let us not therefore reason of Honorary, lest their noble wrath be excited; though, as a matter of fact, they have at Oxford less right to call themselves members of the University than at Cambridge. The next thing, then, that strikes the observer of this unexpectedly large minority of future University men is that there is scarcely a single name in it, except Mr. Freeman's, that can be said to have any general fame outside the University, while it is scarcely necessary to say what Mr. Freeman's political weight is outside the University as well as in it. Many interesting representatives of many interesting classes, indeed, meet the eye. There is the Master of University, who seems to have been led to Home Rule by the composition of a meritorious School History of England, just as his ally the Dean of Winchester, who would have been so proud to figure among resident graduates once, found salvation through the composition of a similar, but not quite so meritorious, School History of France. Of such is the kingdom of the Home Rule Heaven of History. There is, it is unnecessary to say, Professor Thorold Rogers; when was Professor Thorold Rogers absent when an opportunity offered itself of showing how manners makthy man and how ingenuous arts perform their equally well-known office at Oxford? There are divers stranger creatures, or, in the more picturesque words of the Laureate,

Knights of utmost [East] and West,
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,

professors of Chinese and of Celtic, Jur. Docs. of Munich, Counsels at some period or other to the Speaker, and Principals of Nonconformist Halls. There is also the Librarian of the Bodleian. In this enumeration we really think we have dealt most generously by the dignitaries. And then there is the *numerus*. Representative—very representative this. There are the ex-public school ushers who have quarrelled with their head-masters and retired upon the University in more or less disorder. There are the old dons who have taken twenty years not to do some piece of scholarly or scientific work which adorns their names in the Clarendon Press lists, but who don't seem to have taken much more than twenty months to eat all the previous doctrines of the Liberal party. There are the young dons who, finding even the selection of subjects for a *paulo post futurum* immortality of authorship too exhausting, pant after the easier fame of Mr. Channing and Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Buchanan. There are the estimable parish clergymen whose political ability has been proved in sacred places. There are the miscellaneous persons who, having formerly taken a degree and finding Oxford a pleasant and convenient place to live in, are undoubtedly resident graduates, but who have as much to do with the business and the studies of the University as if they lived at Bath or at the other Jericho. And so through the great unknown of the University of the future (we are really much obliged to Mr. Gladstone for that word), we pass to that non-Collegiate B.A. who is nearly the naked idea, the form unendued with matter, of resident graduateness.

Now we think, though we may be prejudiced, that Oxford men have a right to exult over their usual rivals in this matter. There is no "and other University men" here, no base allusion to vast numbers of persons not present, but sympathizing, none of your old dodges of marching army after army round and round at the back of the stage with a fresh drum and colours each time. It is all fair and aboveboard, from the tall cliff of Professor Freeman to the low but pleasant plain of the non-Collegiate B.A. This unexpectedly large minority is not ashamed of itself, and goes right through Coventry. It is really—we are not joking—representative in its way, though the representatives represent nothing but themselves, and Mr. Cornish, of Lincoln, who arrived too late, crying "Me also," in the columns of the *Daily News*. But will anybody who looks at the list say that it is representative of the brains of the University? We admit Mr. Freeman's brains, of course; we do not say that even Mr. Thorold Rogers is brainless; there are half a dozen others who, as specialists, or general scholars, are very respectable men in their way. But of the kind of brains which a University ought to produce, and which fortunately our two English Universities always have produced—the combination of practical with literary ability, and of both with political knowledge—will any one say that this is a representative list? As for numbers, it does not come out

much better. It has two Heads of Houses out of twenty-one; it has, at a very liberal estimate, nine or ten University professors, readers, lecturers, and teachers out of some seventy. What the proportion of resident Fellows or of resident graduates generally is it would be impossible to say offhand, the total numbers of these being not so readily calculable; but it is certainly not greater in the first case, and we should think, even with the help of honorary masters and non-collegiate bachelors, not much greater in the last. And this is the result of a vigorous whip, with more than two years to do the whipping in. Verily we need not go out to see the nakedness of this land; for the nakedness of the land has come out to show itself.

LONDON BIRDS—THE WOOD-PIGEON.

PROBABLY the last bird that a countryman would expect to find in London would be the ringdove, or, as it is more commonly called, the wood-pigeon; yet this bird, though not by any means common, is generally to be seen in the Parks, and can certainly claim to be included in any list of London birds, as it is found so near the centre, if not of London proper, at least of the cab radius as St. James's Park, and may occasionally be seen under the shadow of the Clock Tower at Westminster, in the trees near the Sessions House, and is not unknown in Whitehall.

It is certainly curious that a bird naturally so wild and wary as the wood-pigeon should so alter its habit as to live the year through in Parks even as large as those of the West End, surrounded as they are by miles of streets and buildings. Those birds, however, that have chosen London as their dwelling-place, while in no way comparable in tameness to the dove-cote pigeons which congregate in such large numbers about many of our public buildings, are, no doubt from long immunity from disturbance, so free from fear of man that they may occasionally be seen quietly feeding on the grass plots in St. James's Park, surrounded as they always are by crowds of pedestrians. Kensington Gardens are always frequented by a few of these birds, and they breed there from year to year. It is surprising that these birds are not better known to the average Londoner than they appear to be. Their size—they are the largest of our wild pigeons—their peculiar flight, and their distinctive markings—the most noticeable of these being the white feathers on each side of the neck, from which they derive the name of "Ringdove," and by which alone they may be at once distinguished from any dove-cote pigeon—should, one would suppose, attract the attention of the least observant. Their note, again—coo, coo-coo, roo, roo, the last two syllables long drawn out—once heard, can never be mistaken, being entirely different from that of any other pigeon. There are many word versions of this note; but none better perhaps than the old "Take two cows, Taffy."

The wood-pigeon is not only the largest, but in our opinion the handsomest, of our wild pigeons. The London bird, however, from his habit of, after the manner of his kind, perching in and roosting on trees, is always soot-begrimed and dirty, but notwithstanding is still a handsome and noticeable bird. Wood-pigeons begin to breed early in the spring, and have, as a rule, two, if not three, broods in the year. During the breeding season the cock-bird, possessed doubtless with a desire to show himself off to his mate, constantly takes short flights, in which he rises and falls alternately, occasionally clapping his wings over his back. This flight is so peculiar that it alone should, one would suppose, attract the attention of the least observant. The nest is but a poor structure, being, indeed, nothing more than a meagre plat-form of sticks, placed one over the other, on which the two white eggs are laid. Such a miserable structure, indeed, is it that few interested in birds who have lived where wood-pigeons breed in large numbers can have failed to notice nests through which the eggs could be seen from below. This nest has evidently been a source of wonder for generations, and many are the legends told to account for it. All, so far as we are aware, are based on the same idea—namely, that the pigeon, unable to build a nest itself, and considering the magpie's a beautiful specimen of bird architecture, an opinion which few will dispute, asked it for lessons in nest-building. The best of these legends, perhaps, is that given by Montagu as current in his time in Suffolk, and this is specially interesting as it contains another word version of the wood-pigeon's note, it is as follows:—"Instead of being a docile pupil, the pigeon kept on her old cry of 'Take two, Maggie! take two.' The magpie insisted that this was a very unworkmanlike manner of proceeding, one stick at a time being as much as could be managed to advantage, but the pigeon reiterated her 'two, take two' till Mag, in a violent passion, gave up the task, exclaiming, 'I say one at a time is enough, and if you think otherwise, you may set about the work yourself, for I will have no more to do with it!'" The unfortunate pigeon was thus left in the lurch when nothing more than the bare foundation had been laid; and being, as we have said, no architect, has not to this day been able to improve on the miserable structure.

The young of these birds when first hatched are blind, and, like puppies, remain so for the first nine days of their existence. At this time they are covered with yellow down, and certainly have no pretensions to beauty, being, in fact, as ugly as when full grown they are handsome. At this time they are far from pleasant in their ways, having a disagreeable habit of puffing

and snorting when approached, a habit which, according to Bewick, resulted in the death of a pair hatched under a dovecote-pigeon, the foster-mother being so alarmed at her supposed offspring that she deserted them. In common with all other pigeons, the wood-pigeon feeds its young on half-digested food from its crop. The process is curious and amusing. The young bird, instead of opening its mouth to receive the expected meal, forces its bill between its parent's mandibles and sucks out the milky mass, thus proving, as has been aptly observed, that "pigeon's milk" is not the "absolute and unfounded fable it was once supposed to be." In about three weeks' time they are fully fledged, and are then of much the same colour as their parents, except that the metallic colouring and the white ring on the neck are wanting (these appear after the first moult), and a considerable amount of yellow down is still attached to the tips of the feathers. In the autumn wood-pigeons congregate in large flocks, which remain together until the ensuing breeding season, roosting at night in woods and fir plantations, their numbers, in the Eastern counties at least, being increased by immigrants from the Continent. At this time they are most wary and difficult of approach, and from their voracity are dreadful enemies to the farmer. This bird is, indeed, possessed of so insatiable an appetite that we have often wondered how it contrives to live, and apparently thrive, as it does in London, where one would suppose it impossible for it ever to obtain anything approaching to what it would consider a "square meal." Its food consists of any grain that may be available, though, like all pigeons, it doubtless gives the preference to peas or beans, together with beechmast, acorns, and, so far as the farmer is concerned the only point in its favour, the seeds of many noxious weeds. It also feeds largely on green food, doing great damage in clover and turnip fields, especially the latter, where it not only eats the leaves, thus seriously interfering with the growth of the plant, but also in winter destroys the roots, hollowing them out so that little is left but the shell. No better examples of the voracity of this species can be given than those supplied in the last edition of Yarrell's "British Birds," from which the three following are extracted. The crop of one bird examined contained 1,020 grains of corn; that of another, 144 peas and 7 large beans; and the last, but certainly not the least, 231 beech-nuts.

Wood-pigeons, in common with all their congeners, are very fond of water. They are essentially thirsty; drinking, be it observed, not like most other birds, sip by sip, but as a horse drinks, at one long draught. Water is also necessary to them for bathing purposes. Their fondness for water leads the London birds to places where they may easily be observed. For example, it is not uncommon to see wood-pigeons on the island in St. James's Park, this being a favourite drinking and bathing-place for the birds resorting to that neighbourhood. They may also be seen from time to time, especially by those acquainted with their habits, drinking and bathing in the Serpentine. Wood-pigeons, though among the wariest and wildest of birds in the autumn and winter, in the breeding season so change their habits as not infrequently to be found nesting in gardens, and at this time they seem to lose much of their natural fear of man. When taken from the nest or reared under dovecote pigeons the young become tame, though they are at best but bad pets, their innate wildness inducing them, however well they may have been treated, and however happy they may appear in confinement, to escape at the first opportunity, and retire to their natural haunts in the woods. They are, in fact, incapable of domestication, only one case, so far as we are aware, being on record of a wood-pigeon remaining, when given its liberty, and mating with a dovecote pigeon, and in this case, though three nests were made and eggs laid in each of them, only one young bird was reared. There is no doubt that these birds are largely on the increase in this country, and that they are also extending their range, a fact, from the farmer's point of view, much to be deplored. Many reasons have been given for this increase, such, for example, as the greater cultivation of turnips and other green crops, the larger number of plantations. As an inhabitant of London this bird is absolutely harmless, and we hope it may be long before it becomes necessary for Londoners to journey into the country to make the acquaintance of the wood-pigeon.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

WHEN at Toole's Theatre the programme announces that there "will be played, for the first time, the Comedietta by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, entitled *A Red Rag*," it is surely suggested that Mr. Justin H. McCarthy has written a comedietta—that is to say, has invented a plot, created characters, and supplied dialogue. Probably Mr. McCarthy was surprised last Monday morning to find the critics so well informed. That the play was conveyed from a French story was generally stated, and in some cases M. Ohnet was mentioned as the author. The critics were quite right. *A Red Rag* is closely copied from a story by M. Ohnet called "Le Malheur de Tante Ursule," which is issued, together with another story, called "Le Chant du Cygne," in a volume published last year under the title of *Noir et Rose*. M. Ohnet's story is prettily told, but it does not bear transference to the stage, at least by the heavy hands that have now been laid upon it. We feel that Ursule's deeply-rooted antipathy to the army is a little un-

reasonable. "Jamais un homme qui appartient à l'armée n'entra dans ma maison! J'en sortirais plutôt moi-même!" she cries when her niece Aline admits her affection for the young captain of artillery. Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula says to her niece Alice, "Never shall any one belonging to the army enter my house"; and where there is no greater divergence than this between the original and English version the compiler of the latter might really almost admit that he has made a translation. The fact remains that, whereas M. Ohnet's Ursule appears only unreasonable, Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula appears ridiculous. The aunt mourns a lover who went to fight in the Crimea, and who, as she supposes, was killed there; and this is why she will not consent to the betrothal of her niece to a soldier—the long years have brought so much sorrow that she fears lest the girl she loves should also suffer. If other women thought as she does, the army would be doomed to celibacy; but the absurdity does not strike the reader of *Noir et Rose* as it strikes the spectator of *A Red Rag*, because M. Ohnet's Ursule has an air of reality that is lacking in the caricature at Toole's Theatre. The ends of the two pieces have also a vast difference, closely as Mr. McCarthy has striven to translate his original. Ursule's faithless lover returns, after thirty years' absence, married to a Russian, and growing rich by the sale of a fraudulent champagne concocted out of a Crimean wine. A deeply-rooted affection for him has been a part of Ursule's life; he has gone his way, and so totally forgotten her that he has not taken the trouble to let her know that he lived. Thereupon she experiences a violent revulsion of feeling. Of course it is illogical. Having found her soldier so cruelly faithless, she has fresh cause to dread and distrust soldiers; but, on the contrary, she straightway alters her mind, and welcomes Aline's lover, though she has said she would rather follow the girl to her grave than do anything to further such a union. But there is, in M. Ohnet's story, something strikingly dramatic and natural about Ursule's sudden change of sentiment. We understand her. She is eager to forget the past, to abandon her old ideas, to adopt new ones; her life has been passed under a mistake, and, casting it aside, she views the world in fresh light. Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula is a vulgar, commonplace woman, who, after expressing herself in the strongest possible terms, simply alters her mind for no better reason than that for which she made it up. Every one who has read the book and seen the play must feel how completely M. Ohnet's meaning, as expressed in the few words which pass between Ursule and the Capitaine Roger, is lost in the conventional little interview between Miss Ursula and the young officer. The representation at Toole's has little merit.

The scene disclosed when the curtain draws up on *Miss Jarramie's Genie* at the Savoy Theatre is of the most tawdry description. A more vulgarly coloured "interior" has not lately been placed upon the stage of a London theatre; but it is suitable enough for the piece. Mr. Frank Desprez has devised a modern parody of the legend of *Aladdin*. A lady—Miss Jarramie—receives a lamp as a present, rubs it, and the Genie appears. The Genie is made to do service as a cook, a butler, and a Parliamentary agent; and in the first character he imitates the John Wellington Wells of Mr. Grossmith. *Miss Jarramie's Genie* is altogether a feeble piece of work, and it is not improved by the introduction of political allusions. Mr. Desprez's detestation of what he calls "paper-Unionists" seems to be so strong that he cannot refrain from giving evidence of it in his farce; and this is a mistake, because people have quite as much politics as they care about out of doors. If Mr. D'Oyly Carte intends to utilize the stage of his theatre for the propagation of Gladstone-Parnellite doctrine he would do well to announce the fact. Admirers of the creed would know where to find gratification, and others who go to the theatre to be entertained and to escape from the worries and dissensions of everyday life would know what theatre to avoid. *Miss Jarramie's Genie* seems to have been produced to afford members of the chorus an opportunity of showing what they can do. Messrs. Alfred and François Cellier have put together some music, and this is sung fairly well; but there is a sad lack of refinement in the speech and bearing of the characters. The whole thing is suggestive of amateur theatricals, and does no credit to the Savoy, where, indeed, visitors who appreciate the extreme neatness and admirable finish of Mr. Gilbert's work will be very much surprised to find so inferior a production.

THE FINANCES OF INDIA.

THE interruption of a debate, which it is on every account desirable to bring to an early close, by dissertations as mischievous and misleading as that in which Mr. S. Smith, last Monday night, embodied the results of his winter's tour in India, need not be regretted if the answer elicited from the Secretary of State serve to clear up the uncertainty of the public mind as to the present position of the Indian finances, and to provide an authoritative justification of the measures recently adopted by the Government of India to meet the grave emergency with which it is confronted. Of Mr. S. Smith and his proposals it is unnecessary to speak. The emotional treatment of Indian topics is, happily, disconcerted by rational politicians of every school. When a gentleman begins his criticism of the financial measures of the Indian Government by "protesting against the monstrous and cruel tax in the name of humanity and Christianity," every

one knows how much knowledge and good sense are to be expected in the rest of the speech. We are prepared for proposals for protective duties, for surrender of the opium monopoly, for representative institutions, for the curtailment of European salaries, for the free admission of natives to every post of authority, and—sovereign remedy for a ruined empire's maladies—the appointment of a Royal Commission. All these are familiar topics, and Sir John Gorst naturally did not think it necessary to reply upon any points but those specifically raised in the amendment. No one, of course, seriously believes that protective duties are among the available remedies of India's financial distress. If such a belief still lingers in any mind but Mr. Smith's and his native informants, the history of Indian trade for recent years is sufficient justification for refusing to recur to a state of things which was recognized at the time as simply intolerable. Whatever her other troubles may be, India has enjoyed, and is enjoying, an altogether exceptional commercial prosperity; she is developing her trade at a rate which no other country can approach. While, as comparing the figures of 1884 with those of 1873, the trade of England, export and import, has slightly receded, that of Italy increased by 3½ per cent., that of Germany and France by about 7½ per cent., and that of America by 21½ per cent., the increase in India stands at 57½ per cent. Is this a state of things with which any sane person would be prepared to interfere, when interference means necessarily curtailment? The concession of representative institutions, further than in the very restricted forms in which they at present exist, is demanded by no class in India, except the busybodies who furnish the *entourage* of tourists of the calibre of Mr. Smith. Its effect would be to bring to the front and place in positions of responsibility the very persons whose wishes and tastes are already urged so vehemently as to divert attention from the interests of the great mass of their countrymen. As to a Royal Commission, it is enough to say that the Government has now before it the Reports of two Commissions of the highest standing. One, the Finance Commission, a year ago, traversed the entire country, submitted every branch of the administration to the most rigid scrutiny, and laid before the Government various schemes of retrenchment, which certainly did not err on the side of indulgence. These are now under discussion. The other, the Civil Service Commission, has just submitted the results of the most prolonged and searching investigation ever conducted in India as to the aspirations of the native community and the best way of meeting them. In both of these bodies influential native gentlemen were included, native opinion of every shade was anxiously solicited and freely given. Till the Government and the Council of India have had an opportunity of considering these important documents, any further inquiry would be, to say the least of it, premature.

To come to the only serious part of the discussion, the statement of the Secretary of State fully bore out the view which we recently expressed, of the grave difficulties by which the Indian Treasury is now beset. It is but cold consolation to be told that, but for certain exceptional causes of expenditure, the position of the Indian Exchequer would be one of comfortable superabundance. The last thirteen years have, Sir John Gorst pointed out, resulted in a net deficit of 8½ millions; but then the Government has been called to meet many exceptional calls on its purse. It has spent 15½ millions on campaigns, 8½ millions in feeding famine-stricken populations; it has devoted 8 millions more to "famine insurance" by paying off debt or constructing railways and canals; it has, besides, in the course of thirteen years, devoted 6½ millions of revenue to railway construction, 1½ million to strengthening its military frontier and protecting its ports, another million to the immediate arrangements involved in the conversion of a 4 per cent. loan to one at 3½ per cent., by which the annual revenues will be relieved hereafter to the extent of a quarter of a million. These items come to more than 42 millions, and, if to this be added 23½ millions for the loss occasioned by the fall in exchange since the rates of thirteen years ago, we have a surplus of 65 millions in which to merge the deficit of 8½.

Unfortunately expenditure is none the less real for being termed "extraordinary," and the position of the Government none the less serious because the causes of an excessive outlay have been beyond human provision or control. It is somewhat bootless to reflect that, if the Indian Government had had no little wars, no famines, and had been content to leave railway construction alone, it might have shown a surplus of 55 millions. Equally creditable to the authorities concerned, and equally devoid of any but an apologetic value, is the circumstance pointed out by the Finance Minister, Mr. Westland, that of the 13½ millions by which the annual expenditure of the Government of India increased in the decade 1875-1884, two millions only represent voluntary increase of expenditure, the other 11½ millions being accounted for by the increase of railways and other profitable investments, or by the increased cost of the home payments owing to the fall of exchange. This additional outlay of two millions, Mr. Westland explains, could have been avoided only by the absolute repudiation of the duties of a civilized Government in the way of internal development and external defence. These facts, no doubt, indicate that the finances of India have been in able and conscientious hands, but they do nothing to mitigate the effect of the adverse influences which, ever since 1884, have been dragging the Indian Government in the direction of insolvency. Mr. Westland draws a graphic picture of these, summarizing them in the result that the Government had, at the commencement of 1887, to prepare for

4½ millions expenditure in excess of that of 1884, the items being—

	£
Increased army charges	980,000
Frontier roads	200,000
Upper Burmah (net)	1,780,000
Additional loss by exchange	1,790,000
	<hr/>
	4,750,000

This sum they proposed to raise by an Income-tax, bringing 900,000.; other improvements of revenue, 960,000.; by appropriating the Famine Insurance Fund, 1½ million; by abandoning the construction of railways from revenue, 260,000.; by retrenching the provincial governments by half a million, and absorbing the prescribed balance of half a million which has been, for several years past, the rule of the Government to show on its balance-sheet.

A bare equilibrium was thus established, but matters were not yet at the worst. Exchange fell below the estimated ratio 17½ pence to 16½ pence for the rupee, and so produced an additional loss of 750,000. The railways, whose prosperity turns largely on the accidents of European and American harvests, fell short of their estimated earnings by 400,000. The price of opium, owing to the more effectual prevention of smuggling under the Chefoo Convention, fell, and a loss of 300,000. is expected under this head. The Government, accordingly, found itself worse off by nearly 1½ million than it believed itself to be at the beginning of the year. Additional taxation could not, it was clear, be any longer escaped. The impropriety of finding relief by throwing the burden on posterity, by means of a loan, was heightened by the circumstance that, as matters stood, an expenditure of a million on military railways had been already placed to the loan account, and that a further sum of 750,000., incurred in special defence operations, has, by permission of the Secretary of State, been transferred from the revenue account to that of capital. Future generations will, accordingly, pay their full share for the blessings of a protected frontier and a sufficient military defence. Taxation being recognized as inevitable, the Government naturally looked to the only source from which, while avoiding the evil of increased direct taxation, they could hope for material relief. The Salt-tax was enormously reduced in 1882. The author of that reduction expressly justified it on the ground that reduction did not mean abandonment, and that, in the event of financial pressure, the tax could, without difficulty or hardship, be enhanced. The rate of increase in consumption since the reduction of the tax (2½ per cent. per annum, as against 2½ per cent. per annum previous to that measure), though, on the whole, satisfactory, has not been such as to indicate a very close connexion between the rate of the tax and the amount consumed. No one will be worse off than he was in 1882; the inhabitants of Bengal will continue to be a great deal better off. It may be hoped that the effects of the change will be inappreciable to the general consumer. This is the more probable from the fact that salt is not, as a general rule, sold in India; a handful is given by the corn-merchant to each purchaser at the grain-shop—thrown in, so to speak, as part of the bargain. It is hardly likely that his generosity to his customers will be affected by an infinitesimal addition to the cost of his gift. At any rate, the Government is but strictly following the course indicated by Lord Ripon and his Finance Minister when, in a moment of grave emergency, they recall for a time a portion of the gift to the taxpayer which experience has now shown to have been made with disastrous indifference to probable contingencies. The Government of India would be facing its difficulties with a lighter heart if it had in its coffers the proceeds of the three millions of taxation which the authors of the "Prosperity Budget" of 1882 thought it expedient, on the eve, as it has proved, of a great financial crisis, to remit.

"AND GALLIO CARED FOR NONE OF THESE THINGS."

THE Southwark election is over, and the Unionist candidate is defeated. Immediately arises the cry, and we fear with too much truth in it, that the Conservatives did not work with sufficient energy, and that their organization was bad. It seems almost an hopeless task to convince the leaders of the Conservatives that the organization of their party in very many constituencies is deplorably deficient. We often wonder what deadly sin the Conservatives can have committed, that they should be visited with so dread a punishment as their own apathy and carelessness. We should have thought they would by this time have begun to realize that under the present extended franchise the chances of success in an election—especially a bye one—rest almost entirely on the comparative efficiency of the various political organizations existing in the electoral district where the contest takes place. This is owing in a great measure to the political ignorance of a very large number of the voters, the natural result of which is that they vote for that party which displays the greatest energy. Even if the rank and file do not grasp this fact, surely the leaders and chief organizers of the party should do so; but, unfortunately, they seem to have occupied themselves like those prophets of old, who said "Peace"; and "there was no peace."

The responsibility for this unsatisfactory state of affairs must rest almost entirely with the central organizing authority, for on them devolves the duty of seeing that the subordinate organizations are in a fit condition to do their work properly. By this we do not mean that there should be constant interference on the part of the central authority, but that with tact it might keep itself informed how matters are going in each constituency, and might, when necessary, help with its advice the local associations. At present each of the latter appears to go its own way without help and without advice, and until an election comes, nobody has the means of knowing whether its organization be or be not efficient. This neglect seems to run through all ranks of the party, and even to attack bodies which have been created for the purpose of improving party organization. To see that this is so we have only to look at the Conference which was held at Oxford, where abstract questions of policy occupied the larger portion of the attention of those present; whereas the Conference was called together in order that the delegates of the various Conservative organizations throughout the country might have an opportunity of comparing notes and learning from one another how they could improve the efficiency of the bodies which they represented.

This is not the first time that we have called attention to the very great danger which the Conservative party is incurring by neglecting so simple a precaution as being always prepared for an election. When a general election does come the party wakes into life and attempts to do in a very short time what should have been done long before, and what indeed requires years to bring to perfection—namely, to create a sound organization in each constituency. At such a time the central authority is consulted by everybody at the same time, and it is naturally impossible for that authority to attend to the needs of each constituency in a satisfactory manner. But if there were steady work going on whilst there was no immediate probability of an election this pressure of work would be greatly reduced. We make full allowance for the fact that the various local associations are very jealous of being dictated to and like to manage their own affairs in their own way; but this feeling on their part is, to a considerable extent, due to a want of confidence in the central authority, and would be in a great measure removed if this authority showed more interest in and were in closer communication with them. There is one method by which this evil could be remedied, and that is to have a certain number of men attached to the central offices who could visit the local associations and constituencies and report on their condition, and could also give them, when in difficulties, good advice without in any way interfering with their freedom of action. Although the responsibility for the mismanagement of the party's organization rests chiefly on the central authority, yet local associations and the Conservative rank and file are by no manner of means free from blame. The members of these associations seem to consider that when there is no immediate chance of an election it is a good time to quarrel among themselves, and for each to seek for a more prominent position than his neighbour, thereby creating feelings of jealousy that do very serious harm when an election comes, in that the various members distrust one another. The evil of this is aggravated by the fact that those Conservatives who are not struggling for pre-eminence hold altogether aloof from political work, and in consequence there is no check on those who are scheming for their own aggrandizement. Perhaps we are rather hard on these latter, considering that an uneasy suspicion haunts us that some Conservative members of Parliament are not quite immaculate in this respect, and that at times self-interest outweighs patriotism.

We do not like to think that Conservatives care so little for their principles as to wilfully give themselves up to political apathy; but we do think that they are not fully aware of the importance of continuous exertion, and, this being so, the sooner the leading men of the party call attention to this matter the better will it be for Conservatism. The worst feature in the case is that, if any not very distinguished member ventures to hint at the possibility of Conservative organization being benefited by reform, he is sure to be accused of exposing the weakness of his party to its enemies and of acting as he does with the intention of injuring it; or, if not accused of this, he is told that he is most injudicious, and had better hold his tongue. It seems hardly credible that reasonable men can delude themselves into believing that the shortcomings of any political party in its organization are not better known to its enemies than to its friends, especially in these days, when there is no privacy from the newspaper correspondent.

If this condition of affairs continues, Conservatives will have to borrow and act up to the favourite proverb of the Radicals, "Reform must come from below." If the leaders of the party—by leaders we do not only mean those who are severally known as the leader of the House of Commons and of the Lords, but the influential politicians both in and out of Parliament—will not or do not trouble themselves to see that the party organization is put on a proper footing, the duty of so doing will devolve on those who do understand the importance of the question. In order to set matters right, it will be necessary for all earnest Conservatives to bring such pressure to bear on their leaders as will compel the latter to take heed, and no longer to occupy the proverbially easy and neglectful position of Gallio.

SIR WILLIAM HARcourt AND THE EIGHTY CLUB.

THE Eighty Club entertained Sir William Harcourt at dinner on Tuesday; and Sir William Harcourt did his best to entertain the Eighty Club after dinner. The name of this society is becoming a misnomer. An honest gentleman of our acquaintance, who had heard the word pronounced, but had never seen it spelt, believed that the Club was called the Até, from the daughter of strife and the promptress of mischief. But the brutal candour and wit of the Hell-Fire days does not mark our time; and the young gentlemen of the two Universities, who formed a large proportion of the original members of the society that met on Tuesday in Willis's Rooms, are very soberly literal and prosaic. The name by which the Club is still known is, however, now an anachronism. The Club came into existence in 1880, and was christened in honour of the general election of that year, and of the majority which then restored Mr. Gladstone to power. It now represents the defeat of 1886, and its own apostasy and that of its leader from Liberal principles. It ought to be called the Eighty-six Club. Even this name, if it were adopted, would scarcely be permanent; and at the next general election it would, if it continued in existence, have to designate itself as the Ninety-two or the Ninety-three Club—a title of appropriately revolutionary significance, which would enable it to combine with its own purposes the commemoration of the centenary of the September massacres, or of the institution of the Committee of Public Safety in France. The Gladstonian party is moving in this direction, though we have no fear of their reaching the goal. The principles which they advocate or apologize for in Ireland would carry them this length; but happily fidelity to principle is not their leading characteristic. They are, moreover, most of them Englishmen, and respectable Englishmen, misled by a temporary hallucination; and habit and character will be a sufficient check on the fanatic logic of their newly-embraced ideas. The present state of feeling among large numbers of our countrymen recalls the epidemic manias of the middle ages, when one man conspicuously going mad was sufficient to send large masses of those who saw him mad too. We have our political convulsionnaires and dancing maniacs, whose restoration to a sound mind is not to be despised of.

Sir William Harcourt was in some respects well entitled to the position which he occupied on Tuesday. In Lucian's Assembly of the Gods the first place was assigned to the Colossus of Rhodes, because of his bulk and of his brass, and of the blustering effrontery with which he asserted these claims to precedence. Metaphorically, Sir William Harcourt is a Colossus, by no means insensible to his intellectual stature and to the moral weight of metal which he carries. Mr. Gladstone has lately said that the natural leadership in English politics belongs to the representatives of our great aristocratic families. Sir William Harcourt, though, like Maecenas, only of equestrian rank, yet boasts that he is sprung from royal ancestry. His lineage is that of English kings and French dukes. The verses in which a contemporary poet celebrated the nomination of the Lord Keeper Harcourt to be Lord Chancellor of Great Britain apply to his not less illustrious descendant, and the poetry is worthy of both:—

The enraptured Muse to a glad nation sings,
First the great race from which our Harcourt springs;
Noble his blood, and ancient his descent,
Ere since to Norman yoke Britannia bent.

In the vicissitudes of great families Plantagenets have been discovered keeping turnpikes, taking tolls, making bricks, digging graves, and killing sheep. These are respectable pursuits, on which Sir William Harcourt in his present line of business has no right to look down. If he were to do so, Hamlet's retort upon Polonius who resented the imputation of being a fishmonger would not be altogether inappropriate. If we have any complaint to make of Sir William Harcourt on this head, it is not that he occasionally and ostentatiously remembers his noble and royal origin, but that he too frequently forgets it. At the Eighty Club dinner on Tuesday he seemed scarcely to keep sufficiently in mind that he was there as an honoured guest, representing a great leader of what assumes to be a great party. His language and demeanour were rather that of the parasite of the classic banquet, paying for his entertainment by coarse jests and fulsome flattery.

Sir William Harcourt has one joke, which was a very good one to begin with, but which becomes a little stale on repetition. It is that he is the exemplar of fixed principle and of personal consistency. "I obey," he said, "the same chief, I wear the same uniform, and I fight under the same colours as those under which I was first enlisted." Perhaps so; but the chief has deserted to the enemy, carrying with him the colours and the uniform which, having once been the symbols of loyalty, are now, as worn by him and his followers, the badges of treason. Sir William Harcourt's fidelity is a fidelity to treachery, and his loyalty a loyalty to intrigue. Mr. Parnell is the chief whom he now practically serves, and it is his uniform which he should wear, and his colours under which he should fight. Sir William is a little sensitive as to his former passages of arms with the allies with whom he now serves, and we really respect his uneasiness. If it be true, as Sir Robert Walpole did not say, that every man has his price, it is perhaps as true that every man has his point of conscience; and it is satisfactory to us to find that Sir William Harcourt is no exception to this rule. But Sir William Harcourt will not find that he can get over this matter so easily with other people as he can get over it with himself. There are some retractions which are baser than the original offence, some repents viler than

the crime, some apologies which sink the man who makes them lower than the airtight. If the statements which Sir William Harcourt made a few years ago about Mr. Parnell and his associates were not true, they were cowardly slanders. If the measures taken against them under Mr. Gladstone's second Administration—measures for which Sir William Harcourt, as Home Secretary, was in a special degree responsible—were not necessary, they were acts of most cruel tyranny. If Sir William Harcourt was mistaken then, what ground is there for believing that he is not mistaken now? His confession of former wrongdoing and wrong-speaking is conclusive against his present title to be heard. In the Parliament of 1880-1885 Sir William Harcourt was a Minister of the Crown, whose words and conduct we must assume to have been based upon a full knowledge of the character of the men whom he sent to prison, and on whom he heaped injuries, and of the political exigencies of the time. He is now one of the leaders of a faction bent on returning to power by the aid of the party which he then insulted and coerced; and the language of measureless contumely is exchanged for the language of gross flattery. Common sense will judge without appeal which of the two Sir William Harcourts is to be believed.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE people who decided to neglect the Crystal Palace last Saturday missed an interesting and well-arranged concert. Fortunately the players seemed little depressed by a rather scanty audience, while a few empty benches undeniably improve the quality of the sound in this as in many other music-rooms. The programme contained plenty of contrast; standard and time-honoured works of art, Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, rubbed shoulders with a modern French "Suite de Ballet" by Léo Delibes, and two new vocal works of some scope by Messrs. C. T. Speer and Hamish MacCunn, young composers of our own schools.

The overture went off most successfully. We have seldom realized more vividly all the picturesqueness of Weber's romantic introduction to *Der Freischütz*. The weird opening, suggestive of woodland mystery and legendary hunting in enchanted forests, can be very easily spoilt by any want of delicacy in the general interpretation, any coarse quality in the tone, especially of the wind. This part of the overture, however, was exceptionally beautiful on Saturday, and it would be difficult to surpass the soft, mellow quality of the horns, sounding aerially and as if far away. The more agitated themes received appropriate expression, and the rapid, rushing passages went with wonderful steadiness as well as energy. The performance excelled chiefly in the breadth with which all minor shades were subdued, so that the mind passed readily from one main point to another. An equally broad interpretation of Schubert's work was given, and one which reminded us of the magically enthusiastic playing of Mr. Mann's orchestra at the Schubert concert last November. The tragic dignity and the mysterious and, so to speak, underground effects of the *Unfinished Symphony* were emphasized with zeal and taste by all the performers. The steadiness and *ensemble* of the strings, the delicacy of tone of the wind, and the perfect agreement of feeling on all points of phrasing and nuance produced a result remarkable for clearness and poignancy of expression.

A pleasant singer and maker of tunes (such a one as Kelly, whom Mozart counselled not to embarrass himself with learning) is a natural growth but lightly esteemed by musicians in our day, and yet it is a better thing than the mechanical product of indiscriminate education. Mr. C. P. Steer, author of *The Day Dream*, composed to words from Tennyson's account of the Sleeping Beauty, has encumbered himself with a good deal of education, and has thereby got a gold medal at Bath for his Cantata—perhaps all the attention it deserves. His figure-spinning and his studied instrumentation appear out of proportion to the matter of his music. Too much worry and fuss about a few commonplace ideas produce an interweaving of figures which reminds one of some conventional elaboration of ornament in mechanically rounded curves. Now and then, for learning's sake and because one must not be too simple in this age, we come upon a funny misplaced effort at profundity or significance. Hence lugubrious use of brass, aimless disturbance of key, uncalled for instrumental wails and crashes, and unmelodious noises of various kinds interspersed in a desert of commonplace tunes—which, by the way, do not always fit either the accent of the words or the general sense of the lines. It would be difficult to guess any valid reason for the hubbub which bursts out over the line "How dark these hidden eyes must be," when the Princess is about to be kissed in her sleep. The awaking of the King is quite pointless, and the tremendous burst of something like fury with which the final love scene finishes seems decidedly unmotived. No excuse can be found on the score of performance. All did their best, and the soloists, Miss Thudicum and Mr. Harper Kearton, played their parts with care and finish. We do not say that Mr. Speer's medal is not deserved, that he has not learnt what can be taught of his profession, that his Cantata is not for a student a successful enough compilation of the materials of music; but we altogether deny that he has set Tennyson's words dramatically or picturesquely, poetically or rhetorically, romantically or classically, or in any way open to a musician. He is happily, however, very young, and

he may find some other corner for himself in music than the Cantata. Perhaps the truth is that we encourage music in too wholesale a fashion nowadays; hence the production of a work, and there are many like it, which is without musical inspiration, and is yet of technical importance. Still one does not like to think that another Schubert might have no better luck than the first. So, after hearing such a performance of Schubert as they give at the Crystal Palace, one feels ready to encourage all the dullest efforts of the original by rule, the free upon principle, school; lest, in a crowd of gesticulating blunderers, we might be entertaining an angel unawares. Mr. Hamish MacCunn, the young composer of the other new choral work played on Saturday, is not entirely unknown to the frequenters of these concerts, his overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," having been received this year as a work of unusual promise, both by musicians and the public. He is brimful of ideas, far from commonplace. His melody is spirited, expressive, and naturally inspired. He seems, in fact, to create musical ideas, instead of merely patching together figures and modulations; while his faults are such as can be laid to the enthusiasm of youth. The somewhat coarse and too uniformly loud singing of the choir tended perhaps to increase the effect of a certain want of reticence in the work. *Lord Ullin's Daughter* is a setting of the well-known ballad for chorus and orchestra in a form by no means that of the ordinary cantata. The music runs on continuously, without solo parts or set numbers, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Stanford's *Revenge*. Mr. MacCunn's orchestration is vividly descriptive. His storm is wildly picturesque; the change of mood in *Lord Ullin* is finely expressed; and the lament at the end excellently imagined, and as far removed as can be from the coarse hammer-and-tongs of a vulgar finish. The concert closed with the bright and coloured instrumentation of Léo Delibes's *Suite de Ballet*; *Sylvia*, of which the scherzo, entitled "Pizzicati," is the most graceful and piquant number.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THE belief in the City grows stronger every day that the Government has not only made up its mind to convert the National Debt, but that Mr. Goschen has arranged his plans, and that negotiations have already been set on foot to carry them out. It is a bold undertaking in the present state of the Continent. Of course if it succeeds it will raise all the higher the prestige of the Minister who has achieved it in circumstances so unfavourable, and, what is much more important, it will make a most powerful impression abroad. But, on the other hand, if it fails, the failure will be disastrous. It will seriously damage the reputation of the Minister who undertook so important a measure at a time when the event proved it to be impossible, and abroad it will lower the credit of the country. Twice within a few years attempts will have been made to reduce the interest on the Debt, and to no avail. It is most important, therefore, that everything possible should be done to ensure the success of the conversion. And the first condition is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should obtain the cordial support of the banks. As a matter of course, no fundholder will be willing to take a lower rate of interest for his money if he has the choice. Under far more favourable conditions Mr. Childers tried to induce the fundholders voluntarily to accept conversion, and he failed utterly. Now, there is not a hope that people will agree to surrender any portion of their interest if they have an option. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must, therefore, be able to say to the fundholders that, if they do not accept his scheme, he is prepared to pay them off at par, due notice, of course, being given. But to be able to pay them off at par means that he should have already obtained a promise from the bankers that they will place at his disposal funds sufficient to pay off the recalcitrant fundholders. This, in other words, means that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be prepared to give a consideration to bankers for the support he needs from them. Bankers are doubtless as patriotic as other people, but they are men of business also, and if asked to support the State in a great financial operation they must receive a consideration for the money employed by them. It will not be enough, however, to secure the support of the bankers; it will be necessary also to secure the support of the brokers if the measure is to be carried through smoothly. An ordinary fundholder when called upon to convert will, in the first place, consult his broker, and the broker will not be very ready to give his services to the Government gratis, for in fact that is what the brokers would do if they advised their clients to accept voluntarily a lower rate of interest. This will appear to some of our readers perhaps a sordid way of looking at this matter; but business is business, and if a great financial operation is to be carried through, it must be undertaken in a practical, businesslike spirit. The question is whether Mr. Goschen can secure the support of bankers and brokers generally without an Act of Parliament. The City impression seems to be that he can do so, and that in fact he has decided not to apply to Parliament. There are obvious reasons for an unwillingness on his part to bring the matter before Parliament. A Bill would bring on long discussions, and during those discussions the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be compelled to disclose so much of his plans that he would be in a much worse position in negotiating with the bankers subsequently than he is now. More important still is the consideration that the dis-

cussion would involve time. Probably, if Parliament has to legislate, conversion cannot be undertaken until the late summer, or possibly the autumn, and before the autumn much may occur to jeopardize complete and decisive success. It is almost necessary, therefore, that the measure should be undertaken at once, and, if it is undertaken at once, a new Act of Parliament must be dispensed with.

In negotiating with the bankers one of the points which will have to be settled is whether the conversion is to be piecemeal or complete. There are many plausible arguments for converting only a portion of the Debt, in the first place; but the City is decidedly against piecemeal conversion. Consols are the ideal investment stock, and they are so not only because the credit of the British Government stands so high, but because also they amount to so enormously large a stock. Although they are held to a very considerable extent by people who do not sell, still there is a large proportion of them, in Stock Exchange phraseology, "floating in the market"; in other words, there is always a considerable amount of Consols ready to be sold. The consequence is that an investor can buy for ready money, and take delivery almost immediately if he desires to do so, and, conversely, a holder of Consols can sell them as readily. Moreover, a person wishing to deal can tell within a few shillings how much he will have to pay or have to receive, as the case may be. The market is so large and transactions are so easily executed that quotations are very close. The result is, as we have said, that Consols have become an ideal investment stock. Now bankers, brokers, and capitalists generally desire that the new stock shall be at least as large as Consols, and they wish much that it shall be even larger. If it is a small stock, it will not be readily and easily dealt in, and therefore it will never be a favourite form of investment. Any reader who will take the trouble to look at a Stock Exchange list will see that some stocks are quoted very widely, as the phrase goes. He will see, for instance, one stock quoted perhaps 100 to 105, and another 108 to 115. These quotations mean that there are very few dealings in the stocks, and that consequently it is impossible to fix price very closely without negotiation. The actual price in the first instance may be near 100 or near 105, or anywhere intermediate, and consequently the buyer or the seller, when giving an order to his broker, does not know in the one case what he will have to give, and in the second what he will have to receive. Nor has he any means of checking the correctness of his broker's report. Even if he looks afterwards at the entries of business done, he will not be able satisfactorily to check it, for a keen broker will make a better bargain for his principal than an easy-going one. Of course the wide fluctuations we have just instanced are rare, and occur only in stocks of very small amount; but even comparatively narrow quotations are objected to by investors, and still more by people who have often to deal in them. Therefore, the first desire of the City is that the new stock shall include practically the whole of the National Debt. The demand of the City may, of course, be refused; and Mr. Goschen may be able to induce the bankers to agree to a piecemeal conversion. But if he does he will have to pay in some form or other for their concession. Paradoxical as it at first sounds, though reasonable as it is with the explanation we have given, a conversion of the whole Debt is much easier than a conversion of part of it. In the one case the City would be cordially with the Chancellor of the Exchequer; in the other case it would give only a grudging support, and in many quarters there might be active opposition.

One other point that ought to be very seriously and fully considered is the amount of reduction in the rate of interest. When last writing on this subject we showed that the real rate at which the British Government can borrow at present is about 2½ per cent., in other words, that is about the yield of money invested in the British Funds. It seems at first sight, therefore, most reasonable to propose an exchange at par of Consols and New and Reduced Threes into a new stock bearing 2½ per cent. interest, of course giving a guarantee that the new Stock will itself not be converted for a specified number of years. There would be the great advantage in this that it would not increase the capital of the Debt. But here, again, the opinion of the City is decidedly adverse. The City desires that the conversion when once made shall be final. People argue that if at the present time, when a great European war seems impending, and when the fear of conversion has checked the rise in Consols, the real yield on an investment in the Funds is about 2½ per cent., by-and-bye when Europe is more peaceful, and when the scarcity of new securities pushes up the price of the Funds, the credit of the British Government will further improve, and that it will be able to borrow at 2½ per cent. Therefore, when the specified number of years comes to an end, there will be fresh schemes started for a conversion of the Two and Three-quarters per Cents, and thus the matter will not be set at rest. Fundholders, in other words, will live with the fear of a fresh conversion constantly before their minds. In addition to this, it is clearly to the interest of the Fundholders that they should receive a premium on conversion, just as it is to the interest of the State that no premium should be given. For example, if a holder of Consols was offered an equivalent amount of Two and a Half per Cents, with a premium of, let us say, 5 per cent. to compensate him for the reduction of interest, he would have an increase in his principal sum, and he would also have a hope that the price of the new stock would rise, and, therefore, that the value of the total investment would increase. The conclusion is that a

2½ per cent. stock is much more popular with capitalists and investors generally than a 2½ per cent. stock, whereas a 2½ per cent. stock is more favourable to the State. Under these circumstances a compromise seems not difficult. If, for example, it were proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give a new stock which for a specified number of years should bear 2½ per cent. interest, and at the end of that period the interest should be reduced to 2½ per cent., an arrangement would probably be arrived at. Although the conversion would be carried out by two steps, yet it would be settled and adopted all at once. And, furthermore, the State would gain, inasmuch as it would not increase the capital of the Debt, or would increase it but to a very small degree. On the other hand, the fundholder would receive a higher rate of interest for a specified number of years; and, finally, on its being cut down to 2½ per cent., would have the consolation that no more conversions would be adopted. The compromise seems fair to all parties, and, therefore, reasonable; and, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer can obtain for it the support of the banks, there will be no serious difficulty in carrying it out, the fundholders generally, knowing that if they refused they would be paid off, would come to terms. The majority of them have to hold Consols, and, therefore, would not incur being paid off at par; while the few that would refuse the arrangement could easily be dealt with. The sole difficulty is in bringing about an arrangement with the bankers. In itself it will not be difficult if the hope of peace remains, and if, besides, the time within which the conversion arrangement is completed is not too long; but it will undoubtedly be a serious matter for bankers to take upon themselves large financial liabilities if those liabilities are to continue for a long time.

JAPANESE WOODCUTS.

JAPANESE art is not all, perhaps, that its fanatics would have us believe. It is quaint, it is pretty, it is amusing; and it is all these three to an extreme. But there are higher qualities than quaintness and prettiness; while to be amusing has been denied to some of the greatest masters that have ever lived; and the danger is that, now that we are coming to know something about this agreeable subject, we may take it too seriously, and make more of it than it is worth or will bear. It is the century of fads, or the peril would scarce exist. But that it does exist the fact that a day or two hence we shall be made free of no less than three exhibitions of Japanese art—that we shall have leave to wander between Mr. Colvin's new gallery at the British Museum, and Mr. Anderson's chromo-xylographs at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and the entertaining and improving collection of objects exhibited in the Fine Art Society's rooms—is enough to show.

The origin, the Great First Cause, of this amiable form of dissipation is unquestionably Mr. Anderson. In his admirable treatise of *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*, and his still more admirable Catalogue of the Chinese and Japanese paintings and drawings in the British Museum, he was able, as we took occasion to show, and as we have the greatest pleasure in repeating, to place the subject on a scientific basis, and found a serious school of "Japanology." More than one had preceded him in the attempt, as more than one will succeed him in achievement; but he alone had studied the thing *sur place*, and to him alone is referable the amount of accurate and useful knowledge that we actually possess. Until he came we were content to grope from theory to theory, to be innocent of data, and to trust to human ingenuity alike for premises and for conclusions. Thanks to him, indeed, we possess, together with the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese paintings that has been got together in Europe, the two best books on the subject which have as yet been written. His latest work, the gathering of books and colour-prints which he has made for exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is not a national possession—is, indeed, but a private and temporary business, done for love of the art, and doomed from its inception to be dispersed and forgotten as soon as ever it has been seen. It is, however, as complete in conception and in execution as thorough as its predecessors. Like them, too, it is a revelation after its kind. To master it is to master the question. The six or seven hundred examples contained in it range from the thirteenth century and the *magnum opus* of the Abbot Nichiren to the present day and the birds of Bairei and the comic fantasies of Kiōsai, and present as full and practical a panorama of the history of the art as is just now possible.

There can be no doubt that Japanese wood-engraving and block-printing were borrowed, like Japanese painting, from the Chinese. Mr. Anderson thinks that both arts were introduced as early as the middle of the eighth century, but dismisses as obvious frauds the blocks which are still preserved, as relics of the infancy of the art, in some Japanese temples. During this first period, which extends from the ninth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, the function of the wood-cutter was purely religious. He was commonly a monk, and in the service of his community he executed blocks, of which impressions were sold to the faithful. Two examples of such work are included in the present collection. One, the achievement of the Abbot Nichiren aforesaid, is a representation of the god Indra; it is an early impression from a block that is still preserved at one of the temples near Tokyo; it is of considerable size, and of commanding clumsiness in execution. Not till we have seen it are we in a

position to feel the full force of Mr. Anderson's remark that "we must regard the first historical period . . . chiefly as one of archaeological interest." The other specimen—two large wood-cuts of Deva Kings, signed Riōkin, and dated 1325—is an immense advance on this "Indra" of Abbot Nichiren. The style is purely calligraphic, the imagination displayed is altogether conventional; but the thing is evidently the work of a man who, in his way, was both a draughtsman and a woodcutter, and who had besides a certain sense of decoration. These three broadsheets (Nos. 1, 2, 3 in the Catalogue) are on the wall; the example next in date, a copy of the *Io Monogatari*, the oldest illustrated book in Japanese literature, is contained in Case A. It was printed—perhaps in Kioto—as early as 1608; it consists, says Mr. Anderson, "merely of a brief account of the amours, travels, and adventures of an unknown hero, designated as 'a certain man,'" who is supposed to be identical with a distinguished poet, but "who may be only the impersonal 'Somebody'" invented of late by Mr. Andrew Lang; it is characterized "by the introduction of frequent stanzas of an amatory type," which appears to point to a certain kinship with *Aucassin et Nicolette*, and "by the sub-division of the work into diminutive chapters, each of which begins with the expression 'Once upon a time'; and it is illustrated with a series of woodcuts, of designs in the manner of the Tosa school, which to our mind are in no sense an advance upon the art of Riōkin. In the next example, the *Hōgen Monogatari* (1626), a romance in three volumes, the cuts have been rudely coloured by hand, like those in an old English chapbook. It, too, is contained in Case A, where are some half a dozen specimens more—some of the work of the Moronobus—of illustrated books published between 1649 and 1700 (Nos. 253-260), about which time the artist Idzumiya Gonshirō is believed to have started chromo-xylography, and in which year, accordingly, we return to the wall. The earliest known piece of colour-printing is, according to one expert, a portrait of the actor Ichikawa Danjūro—"the histrionic ancestor of the present leader of the Tokyo stage"—which was published in 1695. This opinion Mr. Anderson refrains from endorsing; but remarks of the work in question that "it appears at any rate to have been among the earliest of the 'single sheet' pictures known as *Yedo-Yé*." He notes, too, that the date assigned to it is "considerably posterior to that of the chiaroscuro engravings of Ugo da Carpi and Lucas Cranach," to say nothing of the colour prints of Peter Schoeffer, and he goes on to date the beginnings of artistic chromo-xylography, "as demonstrated from existing specimens," from the last year of the eighteenth century aforesaid, when "single-sheet" pictures began to be printed from three blocks—"in black, pale green or blue, and pale pink"—from the designs of Kiyonobu—the immortal founder of the Theatrical School, the *fons et origo* of those innumerable portraits of actors and scenes of theatres which constitute a whole division of the popular art of Japan—his pupil Kiyomasu, and the excellent Okumura Masonobu. Examples of both the masters last named occur at the very outset of the exhibition (Nos. 4 and 5 in the Catalogue), the former contributing a ferocious portrait of the pirate Kokusenya and the latter a picture of a girl with a battledore. Both are good enough specimens of popular art, and both are dated "Kioto, about 1700"; but both are hand-coloured, so that the representation of chromo-xylography only begins with the sixth number. This, a "Scene of Theatre," in three colours ("Kioto, about 1700"), is the work of the aboriginal Kiyonobu—that Kiyonobu to whom our own illustrious Skelt, and all the great inventors of penny plain and twopence coloured, are as moonlight unto sunlight, or as Mr. O'Brien in Parliament is to Mr. O'Brien in *United Ireland*. It is a pleasant work, and it is the only thing of the kind by which the eminent old master is represented. He appears again in the collection, it is true (Case R, No. 532), as the artist of a novelette contributed by Mr. Ernest Satow; but one would have liked, had it been possible, to have seen a few more of his broadsheets, a larger selection of his theatrical portraits. It is evident, however, that such specimens of chromo-xylography as may with any confidence be dated "Kioto, about 1700," are rarissimes; for this one example of Torii Kiyonobu (who bequeathed his example to innumerable pupils, and his first name to not a few), and a group of female portraits, signed Masonobu, are all that even Mr. Anderson has to show.

It was some twenty years ago a fourth block was added to the three of Kiyonobu and his followers. The author of this innovation was one Nishimura Shigenaga (of whom Mr. Anderson presents at least two specimens); and from him the art, as arts will, went on, and prospered. It was a popular business, first and last. Its subjects were the actors, the wrestlers, the courtesans known and admired of the mob; it was excessively cheap, for the designers (unlike the common, or garden, Academician) produced for so little that Hokusai himself, working in later years, and when the Popular School had become a recognized expression of Japanese art, is suspected to have never earned much more than a dollar a day, while the engravers made still less; and so it had the eye of everybody with a fraction of a farthing to spend; it dealt with plays and scandals and amusement pure and simple, for it touched, in the work of Hanabusa Itchō and Miyagawa Chōshun, on humour and humorous invention—on the caricature of private conduct and (to some extent and in a certain measure) of public morality. It was, in brief, a gutter art—the stock-in-trade of the Catnaches and the Fortys of Yedo and Tokyo, the staff of life of the "flying-stationers" and "patter coves" of a race that took its satire, its entertainment, its scandal, its heroics

not in ballads and "last dying speeches and confessions," but plastically, by means of pictures; and, though the cultured classes, the "Æsthetics," the aristocratic and literary public, of the period looked down upon it, it flourished and grew until now, years after the event, it has come to be better regarded than the classic and respectable art which was its superior. The example of Kiyonobu and "the mighty Moronobu" bore the finest fruit that can be imagined. The number of blocks increased to five, and six, and seven; and the art was exemplified in the work of such men as whole generations of Torii, Hishigawas, Katsugawas, Utagawas, and all the rest of them, until it attained, for the third or fourth time, a sort of culmination in the work of Hokusai. At this master it will be convenient to bring our survey to an end. For us the hero of Mr. Anderson's first wall is the bold, the ingenious, the accomplished and original Utagawa Toyokuni (1769-1825). This distinguished and individual artist is better represented, perhaps, in the present collection than anybody but Hokusai. In his hands Japanese chromo-xylography attains what is to us its nearest approach to perfection. He could be on occasion the richest and the most personal of colourists, and he could be on occasion the most delicate and refined. He excelled in all the branches of his art; and, as we think, he is the true hero of Mr. Anderson's exhibition.

Hokusai is, all the same, superbly represented. He does not shine on the walls—that is to say, he does not excel as an artist in chromo-xylography. But he shows to immense advantage in the cases, where he appears as the artist of (among other things) an impression of the *Mangwé*, that is so clear, so delicate, so exquisite in a word, as to fairly make one's mouth water. The artistic, the sensual, interest of the exhibition appears to us (it is proper to add) to be exhausted with the left wall, which contains the work of the Old Masters of Japanese gutter-art. At the end of the room is Hokusai, and on the right are the artists of the present century—the landscapist Hiroshige, the theatrical artist Gototai Kunisada, the Kuniyoshis, the Keisais, the Yoshikunis and Shigéharus and Ashiyukis, and others. But (apart from the cases) the left wall is the exhibition. Its decorative quality (to say no more) is singularly fine. As compared with its opposite, it is as advance to retreat, as the achievement of a culmination to a consummation of decay.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY.

THE important meeting held through the kindness of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in Stratton Street on Wednesday afternoon last, and presided over by the Duke of Beaufort, has served the purpose of once more attracting attention to that most useful institution—the National Training School for Cookery. For some years it has modestly progressed under the energetic auspices of Mrs. Clarke, the Lady Superintendent, in a temporary iron structure, situated in an out-of-the-way corner between the India Museum and what might be described as the ruins of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. There can be no doubt that its sphere of usefulness would have been greatly increased had the School been erected in a more prominent position, but it has nevertheless survived not a few misfortunes, and is at last, we are glad to hear, on a fair way towards prosperity. It has now been decided that the School shall be incorporated as a Company under the Joint Stock Acts, and transferred to a commodious building in the Buckingham Palace Road, to be built, after the designs of Mr. Pardon Clarke, on land which the Duke of Westminster has granted at a peppercorn rent. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, at a preliminary meeting on Tuesday, in the course of an interesting speech, recalled some remarks made to him by the late M. Gambetta, who, as many will remember, came to England some years ago, and studied with a good deal of attention certain of our social problems, with a view possibly of comparing them with several of burning interest in his own country. He thought, he said, that our poor would be much better off if their womankind knew more about the rudiments of cookery. He was, like many other foreigners, surprised at the waste which goes on with us and at our general ignorance of the many succulent and wholesome dishes which can be made out of material which, unfortunately, and doubtless through prejudice and ignorance, our poor despise. The National School for Cookery is intended not only to teach cooking to young women who wish to enter service as competent "culinary artists," but also to women of every class who desire, in order to become better housewives, to know something of how to prepare food for family use. French and German women are, as a rule, acknowledged to be better housewives than English. They take a greater interest in domestic concerns. They waste nothing, and yet as a people they live better than we do, and, spending less, are able to put by their hard-earned savings with greater facility and less hard self-sacrifice. On the other hand, it seems to us that their domestic education is purely traditional and handed down from mother to daughter, and not taught in schools at all; for we do not know of the existence of any School of Cookery in Paris or elsewhere in France which corresponds to the one now flourishing in London. It is hoped, however, that the remarkable work which has been effected in five short years by the South Kensington School, once it is transferred to its new quarters, will extend its sphere of usefulness. It will then be placed in a thickly-populated neighbourhood, and it is proposed that a restaurant shall be opened in connexion with the school, which will not only increase the funds, but also help to dispose of the food cooked on the premises by the pupils.

It is, moreover, even suggested that branch schools and restaurants shall eventually be established in the poorer neighbourhoods of Central and East London, which will supply cheap and wholesome meals, such as were to be obtained at the South Kensington Exhibitions, and also include classes where working-women in their spare hours can receive instruction in a branch of education which Lord Granville on Wednesday declared to be one of the most important, "not only for the gratification, but for the health of mankind." That the spreading of the operations of Schools of Cookery will effect a great and beneficial change in the habits of Englishwomen is not to be doubted, and we may here recall the fact that the Scotch, a proverbially unimpressionable people, owe to the influence exerted by Mary Stuart and the French Court, during her few years of popularity, the introduction of their now indispensable and most wholesome broths and soups, a kind of food English working people are now beginning to appreciate. We can therefore, when we consider this curious historical fact, hope that the influence of the School of Cookery, when it becomes more general, will change the backward and inartistic manner in which the great bulk of the English women prepare their food. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in a few clever and kindly words at the close of the meeting, remarked "that hitherto man was looked upon merely as an eating animal," but she "hoped that the School of Cookery would lead to his becoming also a cooking animal," and she considered the mission of his conversion to this higher state to be one of the main objects of Mrs. Clarke's perseverance and courage as Lady Superintendent. For our part we think that, if Mrs. Clarke will extend her operations to increasing the number of good cooks—a sadly small one at present—she will deserve a lasting monument to her fame. The future of the National Training School of Cookery will be watched with interest, not wholly unmixed with a certain selfish feeling, as Sir Philip Owen very justly remarked, for few are the men who love not a well-cooked dinner. Many a home would certainly be the happier in every class of the community if its mistress had included among her accomplishments a thorough knowledge of the art of cooking.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

[*"I wear the same uniform."*
Sir William Harcourt at the Eighty Club.]

I WEAR the self-same uniform,"
Said he, amid applausive thunder,
From all, save one, who through the storm
Sat mute, a type of speechless wonder.

Entranced he let the cheering pass,
He added nothing to the babel,
He clinked no fork against his glass,
He rapped no fruit-knife on the table.

Intently as the "masber" plies
O'er all the stage his double-barrel,
That Eighty mutely had fixed his eyes
Upon his honoured guest's apparel.

"He says it, and it must be true,
No falsehoods here are ever uttered,
And if that uniform were new
He would not say 'twas old," he muttered.

"And I, no doubt, am wrong, because,
Besides the tricks my memory plays me,
My eyesight isn't what it was,
And now and then, I own, betrays me.

"And yet—and yet—I look again,
And my conviction is not shaken;
No! I was right. In vain, in vain
I try to think myself mistaken.

"I was not wrong. No! I'll be shot
If I—that is, I don't mind swearing
That H-re-rt's uniform is not
The one I used to see him wearing."

The feast was o'er; the puzzled guest
Had sought his couch and tried to slumber;
But vainly strives that brain to rest
That unsolved mysteries encumber.

Could he have been deceived that night?
Could memory have devised such treason?
Must he lament his failing sight?
Nay, must he tremble for his reason?

Or, worst of all, where all was bad,
And scarce with sanity consistent,
Must he conclude that H-re-t had
Told—well—affirmed the non-existent?

What *he!* the flower of knighthood—he,
The mirror and the mould of honour
For all that noble companie,
From stern P-rn-ll to bowld O'C-nn-r?

Gladstonian chivalry's *fine fleur*,
Whom for a Bayard his great heart meant,
Hero reproachless and *sans peur*
(Since he has left the Home Department),

He, whom the Club its standard made
Of moral and of mental stature?
"No! that indeed," the Eighty said,
"Would shake my faith in human nature."

Yet still the dark suspicion lurked,
And with the growing dawn grew stronger;
Upon the Eighty's mind it worked,
Till he could bear his doubts no longer.

He sprang from bed at half-past eight,
Huddled in haste his morning suit on;
Hailed a fleet hansom at his gate,
And hurried to the street of Bruton.

"Admit me to Sir William's room!
I bring him news of gravest pressage;
Express from Derby I have come,
Charged with a most important message."

A footman waved him up the stair;
He followed where that menial beckoned
(Which footman 'twas he's not aware,
But rather thinks it was the Second*).

He bounded to the upper floor,
Into the bedroom he was rushing,
When lo! a youth appeared, who bore
The statesman's coat downstairs for brushing.

The very coat! "Good heavens!" he cried;
Then, as amazement put to rout words,
He seized it, scanned its outer side,
And swiftly turned it inside outwards.

"Of course! It is the simplest case,
One glance suffices to declare it,
There!" (pointing to its outward face)
"Twas that side out he used to wear it.

"I see! He spoke the truth last night
In what he said while we were dining;
'Twas the 'same uniform' all right,
Only I didn't know the lining."

REVIEWS.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ROGERS.†

IT is well that the Rector of Bishopsgate has allowed his Reminiscences to be given to the world, and the only matter of regret is that there are not more of them. It would be difficult to name any volume of the same moderate size which contains so much that is instructive, useful, and amusing, and which combines in so easy a manner the serious with the less important parts of what has been a very remarkable life. For the well-known incumbent of St. Botolph's is a man of no ordinary character, and his singular personality has left its impression strongly marked upon his public career of good and devoted work. Possessing a thoroughly genial temperament, free from all thought of self, and with a touch of that humour the want of which has been so great a deficiency in the mental constitution of so many eminent men, he has, single handed, and in the outset against strong opposition, taken a leading part in achieving an enormous improvement in the condition of the poor in London, and in the general advancement of the education of the middle and lower classes. It would not do to have everybody exactly like him, but there is ample room for many more like him if fortunately they were forthcoming, and the solid and steady ranks of those who are always standing on the old ways, and who view every proposal of change with dislike and suspicion, are never likely to be altogether found wanting, nor are they without their share of some use also in this world.

With a previous good middle-class pedigree, William Rogers was the son of a well-known and respected London police magistrate. He went to Eton in due time in the latter days of Keate, about whom and other masters there are some good stories, and he maintained a general good character and took a foremost place in the boats. A piece of unguarded exuberance of manner during the examination for a scholarship at Balliol almost had the effect of excluding the candidate from the college altogether; but, after some interest had been made and an ample apology had been tendered, the offence was condoned, and residence at Oxford was commenced. The love of boating which began at Eton was continued at Balliol, and Mr. Rogers took an active part in founding

* Same which Sir W-ll-m H-re-rt once ordered some flowers.

† *Reminiscences of William Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.* Compiled by R. H. Hadden, Curate of the Same. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

the Oxford University Boat Club, and in 1840 represented it in arranging the contest with Cambridge in that year. He pulled in the race over the old course from Westminster to Putney, and records with pride that forty years afterwards he presided at the annual dinner of the two University crews. After some time usefully and pleasantly spent on the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, there followed a period of residence as a member of the University of Durham, with a view to the acquisition of sufficient theological knowledge to qualify for ordination. Good anecdotes, easily and naturally introduced, abound to enliven the narrative, and there is now recorded a delightful saying of Dr. Waddington, the Dean of Durham, a dignitary of well-known gastronomic tastes, who modestly laid down an admirable canon. "I should hardly," he critically observed, "call myself an epicure, but what I object to is a dinner without a bird."

The first acquaintance with clerical duties was made upon the nomination of Blomfield, Bishop of London, who seems to have planted upon the Vicar of Fulham a supernumerary curate, whose exiguous stipend of 50*l.* a year was defrayed by the Bishop. The object was that more frequent week-day services should be held, and, as this was not one which fell in with the Vicar's own views, the relations of the young Curate with his immediate superior could not have been of the most cordial nature. There was, too, another source of difference—the Vicar hated the watermen on the river because they did not come to church, whereas the Curate kept a boat, and was on friendly terms with many of them. One of them, with mixed notions of sacred geography, once said to him, "Ah, sir, I often think of old Peter rowing on this 'ere water." A couple of years spent at Fulham ended in an appointment by the Bishop to the incumbency of St. Thomas Charterhouse, one of Dr. Blomfield's newly-made districts, with a population of 10,000 and an income of 150*l.* a year. The Vicar's dislikes to his Curate had prevailed, and although the Bishop told him that in two or three years something better would turn up, nothing of the kind happened during the eighteen years which followed his departure from Fulham. The new incumbency afforded an ample field for work. Its boundaries had been so arranged as to cut out all houses of a better description; it was even partially excluded by some blundering as to the mode of collecting the rates from ordinary police protection, and in consequence contained within itself a sort of Alsacia. It was not the home of any regular industries, but a place of refuge for all that was low and bad. The staple of the population were costermongers; and, as Mr. Rogers shortly puts it, "we were all ragamuffins." Such was the unpromising prospect that lay before the young and little-experienced pastor. There were no School Boards, no Bishop of London's Fund, no local assistance, and external sympathy and disposition to help in such a state of things can hardly be said at that time to have existed. All the bricks had to be made for the erection of a better parochial fabric, and they had to be made without straw. The grown-up people were not fit to go to church, and the only hope lay in getting to work upon the children, so as to improve the condition of the next generation. Energy and confidence were not wanting to cope with the emergency. With much difficulty a site and fairly sufficient school buildings were secured. But at first the new advantages thus offered were seized upon by the parents of a better class of children than those for whom they were intended. By a lucky chance the income of the church was increased; but, with all its charges upon it, the amount left available for the support of the incumbent himself was still a totally inadequate one.

Continued exertions and applications for aid succeeded so well that at the expiration of seven years of unremitting labour the foundation-stone was laid of a far larger and better school-building by the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Goswell Street saw an unwonted gathering of distinguished friends of the now much happier incumbent. There was a procession from the church to the scene of business, headed by the churchwardens and beadles, and the amusing touch is thrown in that "it is not wise to do anything of this kind without plenty of beadles." Next year the new schools were opened; but, after liberal contributions from many quarters, a debt of 1,000*l.* upon them was still due, which was, however, largely reduced by a second banquet at the "Albion," a place where festivity has so often been associated with benevolence; and, finally, a subscription among his own friends extinguished what was left of the intrepid founder's personal liabilities.

But much more remained to be effected. Mr. Rogers says that he never believed in ragged schools. The name was bad, and the suggestions involved were worse. If in a school for the lowest class the rags did not soon disappear, the school was missing its mark. To fill the gap which the ragged schools were intended to fill more schools were still wanted, and means were found for proceeding to erect them. *Costermongrie* was again *en fête*; Mr. Gladstone laid the first stone, and five years after the last opening of new schools the Prince Consort came to open the Golden Lane Schools. To support them it was necessary to persevere in an indefatigable course of public dinners and appeals to raise funds. Good friends and assistants stuck to Mr. Rogers in his good work, and some offers of easier church preferment elsewhere were made to him. But, hard hit as he was in pocket, and worn as he was in mind and body by the hard struggle to which he had devoted himself, he preferred to abide by St. Thomas Charterhouse, and carry on his campaign there. At last, in 1863, the rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, was accepted, and this offered a sphere of usefulness less arduous than the former one, but not without

its own abundant claims. The historical account of his new parish given by Mr. Rogers is an extremely interesting one. He is the sixty-third rector, and has had many distinguished predecessors, including Lake, who was one of the Seven Bishops afterwards, and, refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, resigned the see of Chichester, and came back to die and be buried among his old parishioners. Curious extracts, too, are given from the old registers, in the days when they served as depositories of many facts that would otherwise have gone without any record, and which in common with others contain much information not to be found elsewhere. Some specimens are afforded also of items which occur in the churchwarden's accounts. In 1585 three shillings were paid to the sexton for keeping a child left in the church. Could this have been little Goody Two Shoes, whose adventures were, at least at one time, well known to the small readers of children's books? And, rather earlier, eighteenpence were expended upon a hook and chain for "the booke called Calvenus on Jobe." Great changes, however, have taken place and are still in progress. The great folks who formerly lived in Bishopsgate have long since moved westwards, and now very few of the better class of shopkeepers actually reside in their places of business. The old local industries also have fled for the most part, leaving a population of a lower class than that of the regular artisan, who overcrowd what living accommodation is still left after so much has disappeared to make room for railway requisitions, which must nevertheless be credited with clearing away many very unwholesome quarters. But good work is being done among a set of parishioners whose mixed and ever-changing character makes it more than usually difficult to make much permanent impression upon them.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 Mr. Rogers was Vice-President of the Jury in the Educational Section, and he tells an amusing story of how his official dignity enabled him to get invitations for some English ladies of his acquaintance to a grand Ministerial ball. In following years came visits to the United States, and to Russia and Austria, where Mr. Rogers was again a juror at the Exhibition in Vienna of 1873.

The account given of the general progress of popular education during the last thirty years is an excellent one, and no small part in it has been played by the Rector of Bishopsgate. He was a member of the Royal Commission appointed in 1858. In the result of their inquiries things came out rather better than had been expected, but it appeared that not more than one-fourth of the children of the poor were receiving a good education; and the private schools, as a rule, were especially bad. It is not now necessary to trace the history of what has since been done. But it is right to mention that Mr. Rogers was one of the representatives of the City of London in the first London School Board, and that he had a large share in promoting the establishment of middle class schools in the City. A separate chapter is devoted to the history of Edward Alleyn's foundation at Dulwich, and it is an exceedingly instructive one of early mistakes, expensive litigation, and a sad waste of the funds of the well-meaning founder, to be ultimately crowned by the successful application of them to something worthy of his best aspirations; and Mr. Rogers is now permanent Chairman of the present governing body of Dulwich College. The happy combination of the *utile dulci* which pervades this volume of *Reminiscences* is continued to the last in the chapter entitled "Past, Present, and Future," and the book may be closed with a lament that the author, as he tells us, has not produced all his best stories, but not without acknowledging the cogency of the reason humorously assigned for this, that if he had done so he might never be asked to dine out again.

NOVELS.*

THE curious social jumble so characteristic of Mr. Baring Gould's novels comes to a climax—if a jumble can come to a climax—in *Richard Cable*. He has accustomed us to heroes and heroines who belong to no definite class of society, and who regulate their behaviour by principles of their own. This naturally renders criticism more than ordinarily difficult, for it is impossible to apply the usual standards of manners and conduct to these singular beings, who live in a world of their own, and act as independently and as strangely as if they were an alien race, and lived in the moons of Jupiter. Josephine Cornelius, the heroine of *Richard Cable*, is a young person of this description. Her father is an ex-missionary, with hazy ideas of honour, who lives on the Essex coast, within reach of a weak and reprobate cousin, Squire Gotham, who has always passed as a bachelor, but has been secretly married in Scotland, and is in reality the parent of Richard Cable. Mr. Cornelius has made away with all his daughter's money, and is anxious to marry her to Captain Sellwood, the rector's son, a young man with expectations. Perverseness being the ruling principle of the handsome Miss Josephine, she declines to fall in with his views, and chance having thrown her in the way of a widower with seven daughters, Richard Cable, the Lightship-

* *Richard Cable*. By the author of "Mehalah." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

His Cousin Betty. By F. M. Peard. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Every Inch a Soldier. By M. J. Colquhoun. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Margaret Dummore. By J. H. Clapperton. London: Sonnenschein.

man, she soon makes up her mind to marry him. Mr. Baring Gould fails at the outset to furnish an adequate motive for this eccentric union. Girls have been known before now to insist on marrying their social inferiors; but then their excuse, so far as there can be any, is a strong passion. Josephine did not pretend even to herself that she had any motive of this kind. She was discontented and bored at home, and Cable's moralizings interested her, and led her to believe that in him she would find a guide on whom she could rely in every emergency. Add to this that Cable was a handsome man, and that there was a pleasure in outraging the feelings of her friends by persisting in keeping up his acquaintance, and you have all Josephine's reasons for becoming Mrs. Cable. On the bridegroom's side matters are even worse. He is described as a man of strong sense and principle, wholly without ambition, and bound up in his seven wearisome little children. He admires Josephine, and looks up to her; but, until they are safely married and have returned from their two months' yachting, there is not a particle of evidence that he cared for her in the least. The whole thing is as unreal and not half so amusing as the matrimonial complications of Miss Josephine Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw. One would have thought that during a three months' engagement and a two months' cruise a wife would have had time to notice her husband's solecisms of speech or manners, and to remark the fact that he did not pronounce her name as she wished. She might even, not being wrapped in a blissful dream of love, have reflected a little on the future, and have possibly stooped to consider such details as his lack of proper clothes; but no! The disparity between them bursts upon her like a thunder-clap the first evening they are at home in the hall which Josephine has inherited, and she first worries him till he deliberately leaves her, which does not take long to come to pass, and then insists on a probation of many years as a mere working-woman till he takes her back again. The only redeeming quality about the book is the fresh and vivid descriptions of the Essex coast and the life among the fishermen there. All the rest is overdone; the endless moralizings and metaphors and comparisons—not always in the best taste—the devotion of Richard to his children, the penitence of Josephine. As regards feminine details, Mr. Baring Gould is even more unfortunate. Surely it seems unlikely that a lady should wear round her waist a leather belt that was long enough to lash her to the mast; and since the days of her namesake the Empress Josephine no wedding-dress could be carried about tied up in a blue pocket-handkerchief, especially not a wedding-dress which, we are told, consisted of white satin and orange blossoms. It reads like one of the miracles performed in the story of the *White Cat*; but, then, in Mr. Baring Gould's books so many things besides wedding-dresses and pocket-handkerchiefs shrink and expand in an arbitrary manner that it is absurd to lay stress on a detail so trifling.

His Cousin Betty is the history of a Miss Broughtonish family of four young people of good position who lived unchaperoned in a Dartmoor farm. There is a good deal of life and vigour in the description of their family devotion and jealousy of outside interference; and if Miss Peard had possessed the self-control to confine herself to one volume instead of three, she might have made a pleasant story. Unluckily, every incident is detailed at inordinate length, and is sometimes repeated till we are quite weary of it. Never was there a novel with so many illnesses, each of which is made to serve some special purpose. There is Leyburn, the hero's illness—that is number one—which lays him up in the farm for some weeks till "his cousin Betty" has had time to get over her prejudice and fall wildly in love with him; there is the incident in Germany of Betty's hurt hand, which affords the opportunity of tender solicitude on the part of Leyburn; there is Leyburn's illness in London after their marriage, when Betty is away from him, and the object of this is to increase their estrangement by the loss of the letter in which he asks her to come back to nurse him; there is Betty's accident in the fire at Cowes, and her long prostration after, which serves to kindle Leyburn's smouldering affection for his wife; then there is another illness of Leyburn's in Burnham, when Leyburn goes to look after his brother-in-law, but the use of this is not so apparent; and, finally, there are the severe illnesses of two of the minor characters, Anning and Charteris. It is a matter of no importance, but interesting to the observer, that when married couples go into lodgings for their wedding tours, instead of to hotels, it is an invariable sign that they will be unhappy afterwards. Leyburn and Betty formed no exception to this rule, and there was no reason that they should; for she married him knowing that he was not in love with her, and he married her because his sister informed him he was bound to do it. Leyburn is a poor stick, who (emulating Mrs. Bouncer in Mr. Maddison Morton's immortal *Box and Cox*) is so foolish as to keep his sister's letter informing him of the state of Betty's affections for many months in the pocket of his coat, where, of course, she ultimately finds it. Betty herself is well drawn and attractive in all her many phases. It is a good touch to make her struggle to subdue her rampant individuality and become the conventionally correct woman that is Leyburn's ideal, with the result of depriving herself of all her charm. Mrs. Hume, too, is natural; and indeed Miss Peard has the art of making her characters live—Leyburn excepted—though she cannot write a long novel. One thing, however, it is necessary to point out, and that is the carelessness with which the proofs have been corrected. In vol. ii. p. 111, we are told that "Rex is as happy as a king on board the *Britannia*"; in vol. iii. p. 84, it is stated that Rex had just passed

into the *Britannia*; Mr. Carlyon becomes Mr. Cadogan for some pages (vol. ii. p. 61), and the Lady Rosedene of the first part of the book changes into Lady Rosewarne for the rest. Of course these little slips are unimportant in themselves; but, though it is not in everyone's power to write a good novel, it is the duty of every author to do all he can to avoid errors of his own making.

There is a considerable difficulty in the application of Mr. Colquhoun's title. Which of all the soldiers mentioned in the book is the person to whom reference is made? for not a single civilian except the murdered fakir appears in the pages, and he does not count. Most people would prefer to believe that Hodson of Hodson's Horse was the person meant, but, after mature reflection, they will probably come to the conclusion that the hero, Captain Digby, is the fortunate owner. The first two volumes are very dull indeed. There is the usual description of Indian life, with the beautiful women and the gallant soldiers. Some of both fall in love seriously, some only flirt, but all are very free and easy in their manners, and talk in the most vapid way. The discovery of hidden treasures by one Henry Wake, *alias* Brown, gives rise to some romantic adventures, and a good deal of promiscuous killing; but Mr. Colquhoun fails to interest his readers in the fate of his puppets. The third volume is rather more lively, as it deals with some episodes of the Mutiny, and the book may be found acceptable by old Indians who desire to recall episodes of their past years.

Margaret Dunmore will prove a mine of amusement to any well-regulated soul. It is the history of a scheme for enabling a large number of human beings to live together in what is called a Unitary Home (which has nothing to do with Unitarians), and to dispense with servants. *Aestheticism* and culture abound in every page, so do capital letters. The characters have a trick of alluding to themselves by their own names, which sounds odd, and of signing their correspondence in curious ways, such as "yours tenderly" and "yours heartily." The style is not always above reproach, and the metaphors do not invariably bear investigation. For instance, on p. 28 we read "the invalid had long accustomed herself to suck a few drops of comfort into her chequered life, from the belief" that a rich man would marry her daughter. But the daughter marries some one else, and goes to live in the Unitary Home, where she gives rise to the reflection that "The first year of married life is often dangerous to feminine nerves. The emotional state predominates; fluctuations from rapturous joy to moods of depression occur, and in view of the conjugal union, that has yet to be deepened, consolidated, this unstable equilibrium of the young wife is, to say the least, Jeopardous." It will be seen that the Unitary Home is fond of long words, and, when convenient, does not hesitate to coin them for itself. Mere worldlings will probably sympathize with this young lady's husband, who very reluctantly consented to take up his abode in the Home, and was always trying to get his wife to himself; but it is needless to say that he is ultimately converted, and becomes as enthusiastic an Unitary-an as the foundress, Margaret Dunmore, herself. Space forbids our describing at length the rules of the Home, but it is only right to indicate a few of its aims. In the first place, it modestly "desires nothing less than the Happiness of all Mankind." It considers it wrong to receive interest for money, especially from the needy, although somehow everyone contrives to have an income derived from one source or another. It is anxious to train the sons of a lodging-house keeper in such a manner that they "should not disgrace an altruistic cultured society"; it has views of its own as to the Bible, and, while allowing that it has done good work in its time, perceives that "its teaching now is discordant, confusing, partly obsolete, and in no way harmonious with the revealed truths of a scientific age." It is almost superfluous to mention that temperance was the rule of the Home, and the "appalling revelation" (appalling indeed!) of the gentleman who related how, when a boy, he and the butler "together drained the wineglasses after every dinner-party" was hardly needed. We own to a little surprise at learning that such advanced thinkers disapprove of trained nurses; but were not altogether surprised to find that, in spite of the admirable regulations as to the changing of plates and the waiting at meals, the inmates of the Home had time to fall in love. One would need, however, to be an inmate oneself to appreciate the attitude taken by the wife towards her husband and too sympathetic friend. She goes away; what is more, she keeps away, in spite of the warnings of her brother, another inmate. And, when her husband at last comes to seek her, she offers to give him up if he loves her friend best; and, when he denies the fact, she informs him that they have the friend's feelings to consider as well as their own! Magnanimity (and contempt of the law) can go no further; but this is the only indication of the attitude of the inmates on this important question. As to many others that are satisfactorily disposed of, all those afflicted with *Weltschmerz* may read for themselves.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.

IT would be difficult to name any change that divides mediæval from modern England more sharply than the suppression of the monasteries. Its effects on religious, social, and political

* *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries: an Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. I. London: John Hodge. 1888.

history have been abundantly discussed, and little more probably remains to be said about them. On the other hand, the suppression itself, the nature of the means by which it was effected, and the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against the monks have only lately been made the subjects of critical investigation. In the volume before us the Rev. F. A. Gasquet acknowledges the good work that has been done in this respect by Canon Dixon, and seeks to carry it further by treating "the suppression, not as an episode of a greater subject, but as an object of special inquiry." He has taken his facts from the best authorities, both in print and manuscript, and has worked them up into a well arranged and readable history. While he is naturally anxious to make out as good a case as possible for the monks, his work, as a whole, is decidedly trustworthy. His present volume, which goes down to the Act for the suppression of the smaller monasteries, opens with a general sketch of the condition of the Church of England in the early years of the sixteenth century, and of the causes that contributed to lower the tone of monastic life; for while he contends that the regular body had not to any considerable extent given way to gross faults and immoralities, he declares that "it would be affectation to suggest that it was altogether free from them." Before entering on the sweeping policy carried out by Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell, he points out the relation in which it stands to earlier measures of suppression and to the attacks made in Parliament on the wealth of the Church in the beginning of the preceding century. Wolsey's dealings with the Monasteries stand in the closest connexion with the subject of his work; and he has wisely devoted a chapter to the means by which the Cardinal obtained extraordinary visitatorial powers, the efforts he made to enforce a stricter observance of the religious life, his scheme for a wholesale suppression with a view to establishing more cathedral churches, and the suppressions he actually effected through the instrumentalities of his agents, Allen and Cromwell. The King, who had thus, as Lord Herbert points out, derived "arguments and impressions" in favour of suppression from Wolsey, was brought into collision with part of the religious body by the conspiracy of the Maid of Kent. The attempt made here to represent Elizabeth Barton's utterances as supernatural is, of course, not worth consideration; it is a pity that it should be found in a book which is, as a whole, free from evidences of mere partisanship, and a still greater pity that no notice has been taken of the fact that, in addition to her former confessions, the Maid, when she was on the scaffold and had nothing to gain by the avowal, declared that her revelations had been feigned. A minute account is given of the persecution and dispersion of the Friars Observant, and of the more terrible sufferings inflicted on the Carthusians for refusing to acknowledge the Supremacy. The story, which has been told shortly by Mr. Froude, should be read here in detail. Henry was led to attack the monasteries by two considerations; they were the strongholds of papal authority in England, and they had wealth which he coveted. The first step in the attack was the visitation by Royal Commissioners. What sort of men these Commissioners were is well pointed out; the chief among them were Dr. Layton, a coarse and foul-minded man, who delighted in iniquity and delighted not in the truth; Legh, whose tyrannical insolence drew forth a complaint even from one of his fellows; Ap Rice, and, to quote Cranmer's words, that "stout and filthy prebendary," Dr. London. All of them were mere tools of Cromwell. The intention with which they were appointed, and the spirit in which they performed their work, are abundantly illustrated by their own letters; they were sent to find out evil that it might be an excuse for spoliation, to seize what plunder they could, and if possible to drive the monks to surrender their houses. When Layton was about to visit St. Mary's at York, he writes to his master that he "supposes to find" much evil disposition, "whereof, God willing, I shall certify you in my next letter." Of Bruton and Glastonbury, where even these inquisitors could find nothing amiss, they report that the brethren say that "they fain would offend if they might." They were furnished with Injunctions that could only have been intended to destroy all discipline, to render the monastic life intolerable, and to invite disobedience.

An admirable criticism is given of the proceedings in Parliament relating to the first Act of Suppression; the means that were taken to get a Parliament that would be thoroughly subservient to the King's will are fully explained, and good reason is shown for doubting whether the "Black book," about which many of our popular historians talk so glibly, ever had any existence. Whatever charges against the smaller houses may have been read before Parliament, it is evident that no attempt was made to examine them, and that the Act was passed on the King's "full declaration" of what he knew to be true from the reports of the visitors. In estimating the value of these *comporta*, or reports, a large allowance should be made for the characters of the men who wrote them, for their unconcealed desire to find out evil, and for the haste with which they went from one monastery to another, giving themselves no time for anything like a judicial investigation into the truth of the charges they greedily accepted and reported as statements of fact. Taking these things into consideration an historian would, in our opinion, be fully justified in demanding that all vague charges and all mere hearsay evidence should be set aside as practically worthless. This still leaves several specific accusations, generally received as embodying the results of inquiries made by the visitors personally, and in each case on the spot. Some of the most famous of these accusations have been carefully ex-

amined by Mr. Gasquet. He considers that Layton's report that the Prior of Maiden Bradley—which, by the way, is in Wiltshire, not in Somerset—had six children, "his sons tall men waiting on him," is "disposed of by the fact that he was pensioned by the advice of the Chancellor and Court of Augmentation; and subsequently became rector of Shipton Moyne in Gloucestershire." We fail to see that this proves anything more than that he had good friends. Nor can we agree with the treatment of another famous case, that of the Abbot of Langdon, in Kent. Layton could scarcely have invented the details he gives in his letter, which is partly copied by Mr. Froude from Wright's *Suppression of the Monasteries* (Camden Society); for he says that the followers of one of Cromwell's men saw what he did, and wondered "what fellow I was . . . for I was unknown to them of all men"; and he certainly must have caught a woman in the abbey, for he tells Cromwell that he had sent her to the Mayor of Dover to be locked up, and he would not have dared to say this if he had not done so. Mr. Gasquet, however, discredits the story—first, because Layton does not refer to it in another letter written the same day, though there was surely no need for him to repeat the account of his exploit; and, secondly, because the Abbot was granted a pension, which, as we have already said in the case of the Prior of Maiden Bradley, by no means necessarily implies that he deserved one. "Accepting, however, the story as true," we are told that all that it means is that "a woman was caught running away." Well, even so, she had no business to be in the abbey. Layton, it is further urged, is silent on "the main point; he does not even say that the woman ran out of the 'Abbot's loyeing.'" Here we are somewhat puzzled; for this is exactly what, in effect, Layton does say. He describes how he went alone to the Abbot's lodging and knocked at the door "ne vox nec sensus apparuit, saveyngh thabotess little doge that, within his dore faste lokked, bayede and barkede," how he forced the door open, and went about the house; "but for a conclusion" the abbot's "gentlewoman bestyrred him stumpe," and ran for it. And all possibility of doubt as to her having been discovered in the abbot's lodging is taken away by a subsequent and curious remark. Mr. Gasquet allows, as we have seen, that cases of immorality existed in some of the monasteries at this period, and it is certain that the smaller houses were, as he also points out, in a far worse condition as regards order and discipline than the larger. He gains nothing, therefore, by attempting to discredit reports in which the evidence against some abbot or convent is especially strong. In his proposal to show that the religious body in England was not infected with "anything like general immorality" at the time of the Suppression, he has an excellent case, and he has managed it so far with considerable judgment. We hope that he will take care not to weaken it by trying to prove too much. There is as yet little fault to be found with his work, and his book promises to be a most valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history.

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS AND SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MMR. VERRALL'S version of the choral odes of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* cannot fairly be judged by the ordinary standards of translation. Writing to music, the author has been compelled to temper the sterner qualities of the classical scholar with the arts of the librettist, and often—as, for example, in the latter part

* *Oedipus the King*. The Dialogue metrical rendered by Edward Conybeare, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. With the Songs of the Chorus as written for the Music of Dr. Stanford by A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons.

The Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. Rendered in English Verse, Dramatic and Lyric, by Sir George Young, Bart., M.A., LL.D. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Eschylus—Prometheus Vinctus. With Notes by M. G. Glazebrook, M.A., Assistant-Master at Harrow School. London: Rivingtons.

Homer's Iliad, Books I.—III. Edited, on the basis of the Ameis—Hentze edition, by Thomas D. Seymour, Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College, Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

The Cyropaedia of Xenophon, Books III., IV., V. With Notes by the Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Xenophon—Anabasis, Books I. and II. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

Eschylus—Eumenides. With Introduction and Notes by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Aristophanes—The Knights. With Introduction and Notes by W. W. Merry, D.B., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Demosthenes—Orations against Philip. With Introductions and Notes by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Lysias—Epitaphius. With Introduction and Notes by F. J. Snell, B.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Virgil—Aeneid, I. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Virgil—Eclogues. With Introduction and Notes by C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Tacitus—Annals, Book I. Edited by the Rev. Edward Maguire, Professor of Ancient Classics, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: Brown & Nolan.

Passages for Translation into Latin Prose. With an Introduction by H. Nettleship, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell & Sons.

of the chorus which closes the second act—to indulge in very free paraphrase, where his unfeigned judgment would, beyond doubt, have preferred a closer rendering. In the choice of metre, too, he has, of course, not a free hand. These considerations being taken into account, Mr. Verrall has, on the whole, succeeded well in his task. A hearer who knows no Greek but understands the plot of the play can clearly follow the successive changes of thought and feeling expressed by the chorus, from the opening prayer for help and enlightenment to the final lament over the downfall of him who was once his country's saviour. And if the translation does not fully satisfy the classical scholar, it contains little to jar upon his ear. There is some loss of the Greek spirit, but this was perhaps inevitable. There are a few jingling rhymes, which savour of burlesque and would be better removed, such as this, in the opening chorus:—

What is thy boon to us?
Shall it come soon to us?

and even this is fairly outdone in the antistrophe:—

By your affinity,
Helpfullest trinity.

The opening lines, too, of the chorus which closes the third act suggest the muse of Dr. Watts rather than of Sophocles.

Mr. Conybeare's translation of the dialogue scarcely calls for detailed notice. It proceeds line for line; it is very close and scholarly, and, though the writer is not exactly a master of blank verse, his lines run, for the most part, smoothly enough. He is perhaps at his best in the scene between Oedipus and Tiresias.

Sir George Young's version of the same play cannot be called successful. His dialogue is more diffuse and less accurate than Mr. Conybeare's, and his lyrics, though closer to the original than Mr. Verrall's, are for the most part very weak. He has evidently taken the Elizabethan dramatists as his models, and we now and then catch far off echoes of their style which are not unpleasing. It is no doubt from the desire to conform to their usage that he goes out of his way to render passages of *stichomuthia* in broken lines, and occasionally introduces rhyming couplets and even triplets among his blank verse, as, for instance, in ll. 93-98. The translation, we are told in the preface, was finished in the year 1871, and its tardy appearance is due to the performance of the play at Cambridge last autumn. In the interval between its composition and publication much has been done for Sophocles in general, and for this play in particular, both in the way of commentary and of translation, and neither English scholarship nor English literature gains very much by the addition of what is no more than a literary exercise interesting mainly to its composer.

Mr. Glazebrook's *Prometheus* is an excellent school edition of the play, through which probably nine boys out of ten make their first acquaintance with Aeschylus. Those who have seen Mr. Glazebrook's *Medea* will be prepared for the main features of his present work. The play is divided into acts and scenes, and a running analysis of the subject-matter accompanies the text. It seems to us that this part of the work is a little overdone. Boys who are fit to read Greek plays at all might surely be left to make out for themselves what the characters are talking about. However, this is a matter of opinion, and many teachers may be of Mr. Glazebrook's. The introduction deals with questions of metre, geography, and grammar, some of the excellent notes on particles being, if our memory serves us, reproduced from the *Medea*. The literary and dramatic aspect of the play is not neglected. Mr. Glazebrook is probably right in his view that the third play of the trilogy must have been devoted to vindicating the rightful sovereignty of Zeus. All that we know of the religious beliefs of Aeschylus points to this, but now and then Mr. Glazebrook writes rather at random. On p. xii. he says:—"Zeus knew that, if his work was to be complete, the puny race of men must be destroyed and a higher created in its place." At p. xvi. we find:—"The ignorant zeal of Prometheus gives men imperfect boons which turn out to be evil; it is Zeus who, after all, is their true friend." This is what comes of attempting to give exactness and logical consistency to an ancient myth. The pages on metre are good. The idea of illustrating Greek choral metres by nursery rhymes is, of course, not new, but it is none the less useful; and the only complaint to be made here against Mr. Glazebrook is that he has mutilated some well-known rhymes to get the lines he wanted. The notes are short and thoroughly helpful, and attention is frequently drawn to phrases and constructions, not because they are rare, but because they are common, which is what fifth-form boys need. Altogether, despite some little faults of manner, this is by far the best school edition of the play with which we are acquainted.

Professor Seymour's edition of the first three books of the *Iliad* is intended for the use of American schoolboys. To the notes of the German edition on which it is based he has added a great deal of elementary matter, and there is a critical appendix. The notes are plentiful and correct, but sometimes rather too long; and, as a school edition, the work is not worthy of comparison with Mr. Monro's, for example. Another reason why the book is not likely to be adopted by English teachers is that, as in other volumes of the series to which it belongs, the notes are at the foot of the page.

Dr. Holden continues his labours on the *Cyropaedia* with his wonted thoroughness. Beside the commentary, there is a critical appendix and indices, one of grammar and subject-matter, the other of Greek words and phrases. Dr. Holden's commentary is equally

good in history and in scholarship. His running analysis of the subject-matter is excellently done, and his study of Xenophon's style and language has been unusually thorough. If we may hint a fault, it is that, in an edition clearly not intended for fifth-form boys, we find rather too much help in simple passages. Even for boys it is hardly necessary to translate such words and phrases as *diθύωνυμος* and *φεύ ροῦ ἀνθρόπος*.

Messrs. Rivington have lately set themselves to show that Latin and Greek texts for school use may be both cheap and good. We have already noticed their *Cæsar*, which they are now following up with Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Each book is bound separately, contains the text, excellently printed, with vocabulary and notes, and costs one shilling. In these days of lengthy commentary it is refreshing to find notes on the first book of the *Anabasis* contained within sixteen small pages, and yet, so far as we have tested them, passing over no difficulty which needs explanation. It is announced that the text alone may be bought for sixpence. It is a pity that the notes should not be added to this smaller edition, even at the cost of a few additional pence, for they are thoroughly workmanlike, and do credit to the modestly anonymous editor.

Mr. Sidgwick edits the *Eumenides* on lines which he has already made familiar to teachers. The introduction contains some account of the play, its plot, and other matters connected with it, and sufficient information on MSS. and editions. The chief variants and emendations are placed at the foot of the text. In editing the *Eumenides*—more perhaps than any other Greek play—it is difficult to keep the notes short; but Mr. Sidgwick has mastered the difficulty without stinting needful help, and he succeeds admirably where so many editors for schoolboys fail, in translation. In this edition, as in the publications of the Clarendon Press which follow, the text and notes are in separate volumes—a plan which has its advantages, not the least of them being that the pupil can have text and commentary open at once when preparing his translation lesson without having the assistance of the notes in form.

Mr. Merry's edition of the *Knights* is excellently fitted to the needs of sixth-form boys. The introduction deals with the historical situation, and gives a much needed caution as to accepting the character of Cleon from Aristophanes and Thucydides. It contains also a sketch of the plot. The notes leave no real difficulty obscure; they explain all such allusions as ordinary books of reference would not clear up, and they are commendably short. To say that Mr. Merry is not always happy in his suggestions for translating the puns and jingles of words in which Aristophanes is so rich, is merely to say that he has not achieved the impossible. The only thing lacking to the completeness of the edition is a scheme of the lyrical metres of the play.

Messrs. Abbott and Matheson have set themselves to edit in chronological order the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip. The present volume, the first, contains the first Philippic and the three Olynthiacs. The *De Pace*, the second and third Philippics, and *De Chersoneso* are to follow. The historical introduction, admirably written, goes back to the end of the Peloponnesian War, sketches rapidly the Corinthian war, the rise and decline of Thebes, and, rather more fully, the career of Philip to the taking of Olynthus. Each oration is carefully analysed, and the commentary deals with points of history and grammar in brief scholarly notes, in which a careful search has failed to disclose errors or omissions. Something might perhaps have been said about the literary aspect of the speeches, but in a school edition too little is better than too much.

In Mr. Snell's edition of the *Epitaphius* of Lysias we find rather too much of the editor. The two little volumes of which the work consists contain rather more than eighty pages. Of these the text only occupies twenty, and part even of this scanty space is taken up by a running analysis of the subject-matter. This is of itself almost enough to condemn a school edition, especially when it is considered that the oration is, on the whole, extremely easy. Mr. Snell's introduction, though far too long, is not uninteresting, and his notes are accurate, if sometimes superfluous.

Mr. Jerram's notes on the first *Aeneid* are well suited to the needs of boys reading Virgil for the first time. For more advanced students the help given would be sometimes excessive. Historical references are rather too freely explained, and there is a little too much translation, in which, however, Mr. Jerram is often happy.

The *Bucolics*, by the same editor, is a good edition for the higher forms of public schools. Its most distinctive feature is the importance attached to the literary side of the commentator's task. The introduction contains a sketch of the history of pastoral poetry, and to the notes are appended passages from Calpurnius and Nemesianus, and extracts from Milton's beautiful *Epitaphium Damonis*. It was a happy idea thus to illustrate later Latin pastoral poetry, but why Shelley's *Arethusa* should have been added we cannot conceive. Throughout the notes Virgil's imitations of Theocritus, and the debts of Pope and other English poets to Virgil are duly recorded. Sufficient and not excessive help is given towards solving difficulties of grammar and interpretation, and the only fault which can be found with the book is that rather undue prominence is given to questions of etymology.

Mr. Maguire's notes, for the most part accurate enough, suffer from the prevalent vice of excessive length. They contain too much miscellaneous information on the Latin language and the history of the early Empire, and read as though they were intended to help rather ignorant persons through a pass examination. The student is constantly being admonished to distinguish between *decord*, *decord*, and *decord*; between *nisi* and *nisi*;

cupidine and *cupidine*, and so forth; often a long note is given where a reference to grammar or dictionary would be sufficient, and quite simple words and phrases are needlessly translated. The book cannot, therefore, be commended for school use, though it may possibly serve the purpose already suggested. What does Mr. Maguire mean by saying that a certain word "does not occur in Cicero, or any pre-Augustan writer; neither is it found in Caesar"? Does he suppose that Caesar was an Augustan or post-Augustan writer?

At the end of a long list of school editions, such a work as Mr. Nettleship's brings refreshment to the weary reader. The title is a little misleading, for the English passages, well chosen as they are, and ranging from Bacon to Thackeray, constitute only a small part of the value of the book. Other men might have made as good a choice. But very few could have written the introduction. This consists of three essays—one on Political and Social ideas as expressed in Latin; the second, on the range of Metaphor known to Latin writers; the third, on the historical development of Latin prose style. Of the three, the last is the most interesting, and, within its limits, the most complete. It traces the progress of style from Cato the Censor to Tacitus; specimens are given, and the essay is full of excellent criticism. Full justice is done to Livy, who was until lately, and perhaps still is, too little studied at the public schools. Mr. Nettleship rightly points out that he was the greatest master of the periodic style, and it might be added that he affords the best model for narrative prose. The first essay will perhaps be more practically useful to students. It is full of valuable information on the exact meaning and use of many words and phrases which even fairly good scholars often use incorrectly, and on the rendering of such abstract ideas as "duty," "conscience," "character," "passion," and the like. The chapter on Metaphor is shorter than either of the other two, but it is packed with useful information. The introduction ends with some "cautions as to orthography," which, like the rest of the work, ought to be of the highest value to men reading for classical honours.

MINIATURES.*

THESE is not only a fashion in the collecting of miniatures, there is some real love of art itself behind the movement, a recognition of the beauty of workmanship shown in the enamels of Petitot and the water-colours of Cosway, a comprehension of the fact that, if Van Dyck was a master, so scarcely less, in his way, was Samuel Cooper; an interest in miniatures as "documents"—records of the social and political history of our fathers, and perhaps also an awakening to the existence of beautiful works of art executed by native English artists long before the time of Hogarth, when the English school is popularly supposed to have begun. This revived interest in miniatures has not been without public signs. We have had loan collections at South Kensington in 1865, at the Royal Academy in 1879, at the galleries of dealers in works of art in later years; and the want of a good book upon the subject for the use of students and collectors has been growing for some time. That some one or other would attempt to supply it has been a matter of certainty for many years; the only doubts were as to who would do it, and how and when it would be done. These doubts are dispelled now; it has been done by Mr. W. L. Propert, and done in a manner which cannot be said to fulfil the expectations either of the student or collector. Considered as a book, this *History of Miniature Art* is awkwardly constructed, being more like three books or booklets rolled into one; and a great part of the information which the different sections contain might very well be dispensed with, because it can be found in a more authoritative form elsewhere, or because it is not relevant to the main subject. The late Lord Beaconsfield is said to have described a certain person as one who, if he spoke of steam, would always begin with the tea-kettle; and Mr. Propert cannot write about modern miniature painters without beginning with the artistic efforts of palaeolithic man. If he does not know where he ought to begin, still less does he know where to end; for, after finishing his history of miniature painters, he must needs go on with chapters on "La petite Sculpture," "Modelling in Wax," "Snuffboxes, &c., and a short history of "Collectors and Collections," from the days of Verres to those of the late Mr. Bale.

Most of these later chapters are mere padding, and not very good "at that." For instance, in the chapter on "La petite Sculpture," which occupies but four pages, nearly two are occupied with the question whether Albert Dürer ever carved at all, and half of another with a description of two pieces of extraordinarily minute sculpture—a peach-stone carved by Properzia de Ross "with the whole Passion of Jesus Christ, showing the Apostles, the fourteen Stations of the Cross, the executioners, and a crowd of people looking on"; and "the famous knife of Leo Pronner of Nuremberg," with its thirteen drawers in a handle four inches long, and their still more marvellous contents. Though the author finds room for these things in a work specially concerned with portrait art, he omits altogether in this chapter on "La petite Sculpture" any mention of the great medalists of Italy; and from the beginning to the end of the book there is not, as far as we are able to discover, any reference to coins, which may surely claim to be the first and the most continuous of all

kinds of miniature portraits. The chapters on "Collectors and Collections," though amusing, as such chapters cannot fail to be with the assistance of a good pair of scissors and an adequate amount of paste, are not entirely to be trusted. We doubt whether Erasmus would certify to the text, or be satisfied with the translation of his compliment to Grolier. We give both exactly as they are presented by Mr. Propert:—"Erasmus wrote to Grolier in these terms:—'Non tu libris, sed tibi debet eternum per te apud posteros, memoriam habitu' ('You owe nothing to books, but books will give to you in the future an everlasting glory')."

Much of the same kind of faultiness marks the other parts of the book. The chapters on Missals and Illuminated Manuscripts need scarcely have gone back to early Greek and Roman manuscripts, and information as to "purple vellum" and Cufic inscriptions, the influence of Byzantium on religious art, about Giotto and Cimabue, Opus Anglicum and Gothic architecture, and a hundred other things and persons, is all useful matter in the wrong place. The only reason for such an elaborate introduction about the ancient arts of calligraphy and illumination is that the term miniature has been applied to the little paintings in missals and choir-books; but these "miniatures" have no more historical or artistic connexion with the "miniatures" of Hilliard and the Olivers than with the pictures of Raphael or Titian. Indeed, they have not nearly so much, except in the matters of size and medium; and of these matters Mr. Propert says little. Collectors of miniature portraits will regard this chapter as superfluous; while those who wish for information about the history of art in general and illumination in particular have no need to consult this book at all.

When we come to the chapter on "Miniature Art in England in the first half of the Sixteenth Century," we find ourselves treated to a life of Holbein, compiled from Wormald's book, from which we learn a good deal about the different biographers of the artist, of the origin of the title of the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and other irrelevant matters, and comparatively little about miniature art; but yet, if the parts of the book already mentioned had been of the same stamp, it would have been more satisfactory. The chapter at least contains some information about the miniatures ascribed to Holbein, and the reasons for doubting the authenticity of most of them. Here begins the best part of the book. From various sources Mr. Propert has collected a good deal of information about the principal miniature painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and has added to it a little by his own research. He has discovered the dates of the deaths of the two Olivers, has some suggestive remarks about the introduction of ivory as a foundation for miniature painting, sometimes recommends a new name like that of Andrew Plimer for admiration, and proclaims rightly the merits of another like Osias Humphrey, and when he speaks of the styles and merits of the different artists he shows knowledge and discrimination. But it is not often that he does this, and when he does it his words are too brief. Of the miniature painters from the days of Cosway to those of Ross his account is good as far as it goes; but it is far too summary, and, as one reads it and notes the gaps in the names and the slightness of the information, it is impossible not to regret that he did not reserve his force to strengthen this part of the book instead of expending so much uselessly elsewhere.

Mr. Propert has at once tried to do too much and too little. He dismissed as too great the task to be exhaustive, and yet he has extended his inquiries further than was necessary. Some one suggested to him that his book would not be complete without a dictionary, as exhaustive as possible, of the names of all miniaturists of every age and school. Perhaps this was not necessary; but Mr. Propert exaggerates the difficulties in the way of such a compilation when he calls them "stupendous," and adds that a lifetime would hardly suffice for its production. As a matter of fact this "stupendous" undertaking has already been begun by Mr. John Bradley, and the first volume (out of three) has already been published by Mr. Quaritch; and in this work, besides the names, a short biography is given of each artist. According to Mr. Propert, two lifetimes would almost be necessary to complete a work of this kind; but, strange to say, this is not the first book by Mr. Bradley involving much research, and we hope it is possible, if not probable, that it may not be the last. At least Mr. Propert might have given us a list of the miniature artists mentioned in his book arranged in something like chronological order, and we think very little trouble would have sufficed to give a fairly complete list of the better artists of the English school who are known to have painted miniatures. They are very numerous, it is true, especially at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, and it would have been a dull piece of work, perhaps, but it would have been a useful one, and have added a permanent value to Mr. Propert's book. As it is, we fear that he has spent a great deal of time and labour in producing a volume the value of which will be entirely destroyed when somebody (as somebody surely will) treats the same subject in a more methodical and exhaustive manner.

And this is a pity, because so fresh a field is not often to be found nowadays as that in which Mr. Propert has thrust his ploughshare; it is a pity, also, because Mr. Propert appears to be in many ways well qualified and equipped to lead the way as the historian of miniature art. He has, in the first place, an undoubted love of his subject, he has not only love but knowledge of art, and may claim to be a connoisseur as well as a collector; he has also had the industry to gather a mass of material, and, so far as the mere historical part of it is concerned, he has shown some

* *A History of Miniature Art.* By J. L. Propert. London: Macmillan & Co.

skill in arranging it; finally, he is a good critic, and both judgment and taste are manifest in the selection of his illustrations. Nevertheless he has lost the opportunity of producing what might have been a standard work on a new subject, and has given us instead what is only an amusing and pretty book, very fit for the drawing-room table, but of little use in a library.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES IN GREECE.*

THIS handsome and prettily illustrated quarto volume contains three separate essays, the substance of which was originally published by Mr. Stillman in the *Century Magazine*, soon after a visit made to some of the most historically interesting of the Greek islands. The book is very pleasant to read, and, from its vividness of description and that fresh originality which comes from observation made at first hand, is a most agreeable change to the wearied student after toiling through masses of the dull, though perhaps learned, researches of the ordinary fireside archeologist. The first of these monographs deals with the subject of Ulysses's journey as set forth in the *Odyssey*, or rather with the latter part of it, which alone seems to come within the narrow limits of the poet's personal knowledge. Till the shipwrecked Ulysses is cast up almost lifeless on the shore of Scheria, the island of the Phœacian king Alcinous, his wanderings are, we think, wisely relegated by Mr. Stillman to the regions of pure romance. But with regard to the island of Scheria or Corcyra, the modern Corfu, and Ulysses's home, the small rocky isle of Ithaca, the author makes out a very good case for his theory of the topographical accuracy of the *Odyssey* in dealing with these places. There can be no reasonable doubt as to the correctness of the identification of the island of Corfu with the place where Ulysses was so kindly treated by Nausicaa and her royal father. Though the name Scheria is not mentioned by Virgil, yet the passage—*AEn.* iii. 291–293—is strong evidence to show that in the time of the Roman poet it was identified with the principal island on the coast of Epirus. *Aeneas* speaks of the Phœacian citadel fading from sight as the Trojan ship approached the shores of Epirus and the city of Buthrotum, remains of which, partly Hellenic and partly Roman in date, still exist by the side of the great salt tarn now called Vutzindro, about three miles inland, on the coast of Albania, just opposite Corfu. The island of Corfu is clearly visible from the ancient citadel of Buthrotum; but the Ark of the Phœacian king would naturally fade from the sight of a sailor some while before he had reached the mainland opposite.

With the island of Ithaca Mr. Stillman thinks that Homer was even more minutely acquainted. He gives good reasons for repudiating the modern traditional "Castle of Ulysses," which Dr. Schliemann so easily recognized as the Palace of Ulysses, with all its details, even down to the pigstyes of Eumeus and the very tree round which the nuptial couch of the hero and Penelope had been constructed. The fact is, as Mr. Stillman points out, that the masonry of this "Castle of Ulysses" is of the earliest form of so-called Cyclopean work, with rough polygonal masses of stone not unlike the famous walls of Tiryns, and therefore in all probability belongs to an even earlier age and race than that of the hero of the *Odyssey*. As a more probable site for the Homeric city of Ithaca, the author suggests the modern Port Polis—the name of which obviously records some pre-existing town—situated on the west side of the island. Though no remains of Hellenic buildings were to be discovered here, yet Mr. Stillman found clear evidence as to the existence, as early as before 600 B.C., of an important temple, dedicated jointly to Athene, Rhea, and Hera. This evidence was supplied by the fragment of an inscription of that date which catalogued the sacred vessels belonging to the triple temple. According to Professor Comparetti, of Florence, quoted by Mr. Stillman, this inscription treats of hidden treasure, the sacred vessels having been concealed in time of danger, and a record of their nature and number cut on stone, so that their existence might not be forgotten. It is, however, far more probable that this is simply one of the lists of temple property which appear to have been placed in all the sacred buildings of Greece, a new list being made out and verified at the end of the term of office of the *rapiai* or temple-wardens, in whose care the various precious objects were placed. Any one who concealed plate or other valuables would hardly be foolish enough to leave so conspicuous an announcement of the existence of the treasure for the benefit of the enemy who sacked the place. Mr. Stillman's discovery of the second half of this very interesting example of early epigraphy was specially fortunate, as the other—the previously known part—was by itself quite unintelligible, and the mist was rendered thicker by the misstatements as to its being of sepulchral character made by Dr. Schliemann in his *Ithaca, Peloponnesus, and Troy*, 1868. The illustration of the two fragments given by Mr. Stillman at page 39 shows that this is one of the earliest inscriptions, next to the Thera tombstones, which is now extant. The diagonally set square of the *theta*, and the almost Phœnician character of the E, are very remarkable.

An amusing example of historical continuity is recorded at page 47:—"As we were passing through one of the villages (in

Ithaca) I heard one child calling to others to run to see the barbarians, of *Bapßapoi*, (*Várvári*), just as the Greek children of ancient times would have called us—i.e. foreigners, people who spoke a strange language, a babble, unintelligible sounds like those of children."

In the second essay, on "The *Odyssey*; its Epoch and Geography," Mr. Stillman gives a very lively description of his voyages in a little cutter of twelve tons, hired, with its skipper and crew of two sailors, for the modest sum of 15*l.* a month. Any one who has sailed in a small boat through the Greek Archipelago will know that there are occasionally very exciting and even anxious moments in running from island to island. The rapidity with which a Greek sea gets up, when lashed by one of the not unfrequent squalls, appears sometimes almost miraculous. Happily Greek sailors are extremely skilful in their management of a small sailing boat, and there is usually less real danger than the landsman fancies—provided only that the tackle holds—a very serious proviso, considering the frequently frayed and rotten character of the sheets. Mr. Stillman came in for his full share of these risks and hardships, and it shows no ordinary amount of antiquarian enthusiasm on his part that he spent so long in exploring these very rarely visited islands. His description of Samè, once the principal city of the island of Cephalonia, is of special interest, and shows that it must be a place of very exceptional importance for the student of Greek antiquities:—"I know of no place where the ruins of all epochs are so well indicated as at Samè. The large fragment of wall of the best Hellenic time which runs down the slope of the eastern hill is one of the finest, if not the finest, I have ever seen. Its stones are perfectly hewn, and some of them are twelve to fourteen feet long, and the highest portion still standing is not less than twenty feet high. At other points are various examples of the Pelasgic, similar to that of Ulysses's Castle, but of better work. There are magnificent subterranean passages, one of which leads to the citadel on the easternmost hill." The very large extent of massive walls of fine polygonal masonry clearly shows that Samè must have been an important city long before the Dorian immigration; and the extensive series of remains of all dates down to the fourth century A.D. is evidence of power and prosperity continued through both the Hellenic and the Roman periods, giving altogether a range of probably more than fifteen centuries, a very remarkable length of time for any city to have kept up an unbroken existence.

In the last essay Mr. Stillman discusses the motive and probable provenance of the Aphrodite of Melos. His investigation into the place and manner of finding this most beautiful of Greek statues will be of much interest to all students of Greek art. So much that is purely mythical has already gathered round the story of the discovery of the Aphrodite in 1820, and its removal by some French sailors, that Mr. Stillman's careful sifting of the facts on the spot is a work of much value. The numerous illustrations in this monograph are of great interest; they include a collection of all the chief Aphrodite types, placed together for comparison, and also a valuable series showing all the possible and impossible motives for the complete figure that have ever been suggested. The conclusion which the author draws from his collected materials is that the so-called "Venus of Milo" is not a Venus at all, but a figure of Victory holding a shield, like the magnificent Greco-Roman bronze statue at Brescia; and certainly there is a great deal in the general poise of the figure and in the position of the fragmentary arms which makes this perhaps the most satisfactory of all possible restorations. Mr. Stillman's final suggestion, which has at least the merit of boldness and novelty, is only offered to the reader as a possible hypothesis—namely, that this is the statue of the wingless Victory or Athene-Nike which was enshrined in the beautiful little Ionic temple of Nike Apteros on the Athenian Acropolis, designed as an expression of the vain hope that Victory would never use her wings to fly away from Athens. However, whether we accept it or not, the theory is an interesting one, and well worth discussing. Mr. Stillman's illustrations of Greek scenery throughout the volume possess much artistic merit—especially those which are produced from his own sketches; and the whole book has a wider interest than that of purely antiquarian research.

PRAED'S ESSAYS.*

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE and Professor Morley, their general editor, have been wise in their generation, perhaps with that wisdom which comes by experience of the woes of others, an experience which even the most cynical philosopher will hardly pronounce to be the school of fools. They have got Sir George Young himself to collect and edit his uncle's prose, and have thus escaped the mishap which befell a selection of the verse not long ago. We are very glad to welcome the present collection, though we cannot help thinking that the first collected edition of Praed's prose might have taken a rather handsomer form. This is no reproach to publishers or editor, but to the public, of whose willingness to pay for a handsome book it may be presumed that persons of experience augured ill; on the other hand, we cannot but be glad to think that there is public enough for such a book to make a cheap edition pay. For we should not have considered Praed,

* *On the Track of Ulysses.* By W. J. Stillman. New York: Houghton & Mifflin.

* *Essays by Winthrop Mackworth Praed.* Collected and Edited by Sir George Young, Bart. London: Routledge & Son.

at least in prose, exactly what is called a popular author. He has nothing, not even "The Best Bat in the School" or the admirable "My First Folly," quite so good in prose as "The Red Fisherman" and "My Own Araminta say 'No'" in verse. His interest as a prose writer is mainly what is called a coterie interest—the interest, that is to say, which attaches to work breathing the spirit of the class, never a very large one, which a certain style of education and a combined experience of books, society, and politics breed. Looked at from another point of view, it is purely and even rather reconsciously critical, after a fashion which we shall expound a little later. Those who enjoy it enjoy it very much indeed; but we should not suppose that those who enjoy it would be very many. That, however, concerns us little. As to the presentation and preparation of the book few words will suffice. The general scheme of the Universal Library excluded annotation, which is a pity; for Praed is a decidedly allusive author, and his allusion is often to temporary and not generally known matter. But we think that a table of contents, which we cannot find, might have been afforded; and we are sure that the date and place of the appearance of each piece ought to have been added. Professor Morley and Sir George Young divide the task of introduction. The first contributes a few banalities and a few dates. Sir George Young's part is short and good; not biographical at all, but giving some account of the various periodicals from which his collection is drawn, and a page of summary criticism, which is sound and sensible, and certainly does not err in the direction of exaggerating Praed's merits. Only with one thing do we care to quarrel. "One could dispense, perhaps," says this truly wicked baronet, "with all his punning." Now Sir George Young may dispense with it if he likes, and can reconcile it with the duties of a nephew. For our parts, Aristophanes, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Swift, and Thackeray shall bear us out in loving a pun. Proper note is also taken of the omissions, which seem justifiable enough. But we wish that Sir George had added what is of the greatest importance in the case of a periodical writer who never published a book—a complete list, as far as is known, of what Praed *did* write. Perhaps such apparatus is too much to expect in a shilling book; but then we have already hinted our belief that Praed was worthy of something more than a shilling book.

It is extremely important to remember the exact times and seasons when he began and finished writing, for these, as we shall see, condition to a great extent the literary interest of his work. His contributions to the *Etonian* did not begin till the autumn of 1820, and he died in 1839. But he wrote very little prose for the last five years of his life at least. At the time, therefore, of his beginning only the earliest and least characteristic numbers of *Blackwood* had appeared, and these for but a short time; the Essays of Elia were not collected; Macaulay and Thackeray—the former Praed's own contemporary and partner on *Knight's Quarterly*, the latter his junior by nearly ten years—had written nothing; the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* proper were not begun; and, though Hunt's and Hazlitt's essays had been produced for some years, they were not very widely known or in most cases collected. On the other hand, Praed practically ceased to write before Thackeray had written anything but the *Snob* and a few unpublished trifles. Any similarity, then, which may be noticed between him and his great contemporaries or immediate successors in miscellaneous writing (we might add to the former Peacock, between whom and Praed there are many resemblances, but none of whose most characteristic work Praed could possibly have seen when he began) is by no possibility to be taken as similarity of imitation. Yet, just as snatches and airs of his half-tender, half-humorous rhythms have been traced in the most serious poetry of the last and the present generation, so may we see the oddest flashes now of this writer, now of that, in his, for the most part, extremely juvenile and tentative work. Praed died so young, and, except for his two years of regular newspaper work on the *Morning Post*, had been so little in anything like regular harness, that it is almost impossible to know what he might have done if need or chance had exacted more regular work from him. As it is, he is full of those hints, those flashes and suggestions, which are often to be found in writers of more promise than performance. Nobody can read him without being perpetually reminded of Thackeray in prose, just as nobody can read him without being frequently reminded of Mr. Swinburne in verse. And, indeed, as Eton gave the latter a sort of hereditary right in him, so did Cambridge the former.

We have noted "The Best Bat in the School" and "My First Folly" as Praed's best pieces as wholes, and on something like a large scale. The first—the progress, not at all a rake's progress, of the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant, who has the happy foible of always possessing the best bat, the most beautiful waistcoat, the finest horse, the most admirably situated chambers, the prettiest wife, the most wonderful pineapples, and the most promising son and heir in the world—is a curiously vivid sketch, just long enough not to be wearisome, and not too short to be substantive. "My First Folly" is much more unequal. It begins with too long an introduction, and ends with a kind of harlequinade. But the central scene is delightful. The hero, a *blase* gentleman, speaks to his introducer at a country ball:—

"I am bored, my dear Villars—positively bored! The light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

"I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation. 'Don't you dance any more, Margaret?' said one. 'Oh no,' replied the

other, 'I am bored, my dear Louisa—positively bored! The light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room.'

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet! You have not danced with me, Margaret: it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour—but I was very late; really I had not deserved it." And so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impudent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay, you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"No! it is out of my way! I never do those things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction: not altogether a usual one, but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impudent, and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans—very handsome, and rather foolish—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the Emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—the Great Bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garlands—the Order of the Bath—sea bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Alferi—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens; and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

But Vyvyan Joyeuse was an idiot and a coxcomb; he did not marry Margaret.

The note of coxeombrity, it must be confessed, does occur in Praed's prose more than once; but it is fair to remember that all his work is the work of a young man, some of it of a mere boy, who from the first received notice which might have turned any one's head. It does not appear that it turned his, or that he ever fell into the dismal swamp that awaits clever boys who are not either very lucky or exceptionally wise as well as clever—the temptation to try things for which they are not fitted. Indeed, it might rather be said that he tried too little. Read "The Knight and the Knave" and remember who afterwards wrote "Rebecca and Rowena," remember the range of Praed's other works, so like the range of Thackeray, and ask whether the older man might not have been almost as great as the younger, who, be it remembered, only made his first unfaceable mark at the same age at which Praed died. Read "The Union Club" and say whether Macaulay ever wrote anything quite so Macaulayish as the speech there. Or, if merely being like somebody else, even if the somebody came after, seem a poor recommendation, turn to "The Country Curate," a most remarkable sketch, which reads like a kind of quintessence of one of Mr. Anthony Trollope's best novels. Of course Praed was not wholly original. He had the essayists of the preceding century, whom in some mannerisms he perhaps followed rather too much; he had, as has been said, Hunt and Hazlitt and the earliest *Blackwoods*, to which last he quite honestly acknowledges indebtedness. But his own originality, not Shakespearian or vast, but distinct and unmistakable, appears even in these borrowings, and it appears still more in innumerable passages where the reader says "Let me see, what is that like?" And he finds that it almost always is like something after Praed, not before him. Part of him, of course, such as his specially Etonian touches and reminiscences, has an interest of subject only to a limited class of persons. Yet even there it is noticeable how he makes the handling interesting to others. Not seldom, it is to be feared, an Eton man's references to Eton, an Oxford man's references to Oxford, bore when they do not irritate those who have not "enjoyed" the respective "advantages." That is the fault of the writer or speaker, and it is never Praed's fault. In short, he is almost everywhere delightful, and there are not so many authors in the world of whom as much can be said. But we still cannot think why Sir George Young, who is evidently competent, does not bring out a complete and worthy library edition, with an adequate life, to supersede the awkward and incomplete compilation of Derwent Coleridge.

THE PYTCHELEY HUNT.*

HUNT chronicles have rarely been written, or at any rate published, an omission which the general reader never dreams of regretting. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful sporting series than would be furnished by the records of every hunt in England, provided always they were written by such a chronicler as Mr. Nethercote. The volume under review is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the history of the Pytchley Hunt from its earliest commencement about the year 1750, when John George, Earl of Spencer, founded the Club at the Old Hall in the village of Pytchley, down to the end of Mr. George Payne's second Mastership in 1848. The next part contains short memoirs of the subsequent M.F.H.'s, while the third is devoted to the memoirs of prominent members of this great hunt during the last fifty years, Mr. Nethercote's own membership having

* *The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present.* By the late H. O. Nethercote, Esq. London: Sampson Low & Co.

extended over that period. As an illustration of the widespread notoriety and popularity of its subject, the book opens almost as a matter of course with a reference to Mr. Bright's celebrated lapse in prosody, when in a speech in the House of Commons he spoke of the "Pytchley" as the "Pitchley" Hunt, and to the roars of laughter with which his well-informed audience greeted the famous false quantity; it would be curious in these days to hear the error repeated, and to note how many of our present senators were aware of an unusual pronunciation. Be it said at once that throughout a history which teems with anecdote this story is nearly the only one at all worn-out or venerable from usage; even where the author quotes from such well-known writings as those of the "Druid," he somehow contrives to fasten upon excellent bits which have escaped constant repetition. It is an extraordinary experience for a man to have seen during his hunting career nineteen or twenty changes in the mastership of one country, yet such was the case with Mr. Nethercote, who was so thoroughly versed in his subject that he could not only recall the chief incidents of each of these brief reigns, but he was in a position to know all the circumstances attending the acceptance and resignation of office by this brisk succession of rulers. Want of money appears to have been in most cases the cause of their retirement, while high play in former days and agricultural depression latterly seem to be responsible for the impecuniosity; yet, when speaking of Lord Chesterfield, it is surely exaggeration to say that "the wave of ruin swept over fair Bretby and all its pleasant associations," and to assign this as the reason of the present peer bearing an "unpropertied title," the fact being that the fair estates were not long ago devised by will *away* from the title, and that the possessor of those estates has every reason to be satisfied with his inheritance of ruin. The great size also of the Pytchley country, necessitating its division into two parts, hunted formerly in the most scrupulous rotation, must have been a serious tax on the strength and constitution of any master. This drawback no longer exists, as, under the names of the North and The Pytchley, there are now two separate establishments managed independently of each other. That such arrangement is likely to be beneficial to the welfare of the Hunt seems proved by the fact that Mr. Herbert Langham, the present master of the Brixworth kennels, the head-quarters of The Pytchley *par excellence*, has already occupied his position for a longer time than any of his here recorded predecessors since 1818.

And what a muster-roll of sporting heroes it is! Lord Althorp, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Chaworth Musters, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. George Payne, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Alford, Lord Hopetoun, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Cust, Lord Spencer, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Mr. J. A. Craven, are amongst the best known of those who have swayed the fortunes of the Pytchley, and about each and all of them, of their horses, of their famous runs, and of their favourite pursuits and pastimes, Mr. Nethercote had something fresh and amusing to tell his readers. Digressive perhaps, but certainly never dull, is this marvellous miscellany of anecdote; nothing comes amiss so long as it has to do with an *habitué* of the Pytchley Hunt; and one of the most amusing bits in the book is the correspondence of a swindling deserter with the Rev. Loraine Smith, which is unique in its triumphant impudence. Equally novel and grotesque, but more directly appropriate to the author's theme, is his account of a pauper who, in receipt of outdoor relief, actually afforded himself the luxury of six or seven days' hunting (on horseback) during the mastership of Sir F. Goodricke. The "get-up," as well as the aspect and demeanour, of the steed bestridden by this rate-supported member of the field is described as being "strictly in accordance with his social, monetary position"; yet no one is likely to dispute the statement that to the Pytchley Hunt alone has such a spectacle been vouchsafed. Five-and-forty years ago the Guardians of the Brixworth Union were nothing if not sportsmen; but even they, after the poverty-stricken pair had put in an appearance at a meet seventeen miles from home, felt that the line must be drawn somewhere, "so the proposal of the Chairman of the Board that it should be drawn at hunting was carried *nem. con.*!" Amongst the many masters who carried the horn during the fifty years of Mr. Nethercote's hunting career, three special favourites—to wit, Mr. George Payne, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, and Lord Spencer—roused in him an enthusiastic admiration; and of these three the "real love of his life" was evidently Mr. Payne, whose character has never been so well portrayed as here in these pages by the hand of one who thoroughly understood and appreciated every fibre of that bright, winning disposition. "For more than half a century," says Mr. Nethercote, "'George Payne' has been a name to conjure with, not only in Northamptonshire, but in the wide sporting world; and, now that he has passed away for ever, its magic seems to have lost but little of its power. . . . It would scarcely be going too far to say that no man ever possessed in the same degree a similar gift of making himself acceptable to all sorts of persons." Will any living man who was even slightly acquainted with "G. P." fail to recognize the accuracy of this description?

To Colonel Anstruther Thomson is perhaps awarded the palm as a sportsman and rider, though Lord Spencer runs him very close; but the former is thus credited with "part of the qualifications necessary to form an ideal M.F.H.":—"A knowledge of mankind, womankind, dogkind [why not horsekind also?], command of temper, graciousness of speech, and a thorough knowledge of how to say 'No,' coupled with a willingness to say 'Yes,' ample means, united to a good acquaintance with economic prin-

ciples." These are indeed words of wisdom, though not very encouraging to any hesitating neophyte who may be pondering over a requisition to accept the responsibilities of mastership.

Colonel Thomson's great "Waterloo," run on February 2nd, 1866, is of course given in fullest detail, together with his personal feats of daring and endurance on that memorable day, which has perhaps never before been so faithfully described and impartially criticized. Ample tribute is also paid to Lord Spencer's abilities and zeal, as well as to the quality of the sport shown during his two terms of office as *grand veneur* in his native county; and, if his rule in the field was somewhat more despotic than would be tolerated by his present Irish admirers, even they will perchance admit that such severity might not be misapplied in the case of a Saxon, and especially of a Pytchley crowd. It would be interesting to know if Lord Spencer is still of opinion that "Misrule" is a more appropriate name than "Home Rule" for his good grey mare by "Irish Statesman." Mr. Nethercote tells us that she was thus renamed by the original owner on his lordship declaring that "No 'Irish statesman' would have anything to do with Home Rule."

The third and concluding chapter of this delightful book contains more or less brief memoirs of some forty members, past or present, of the Pytchley Hunt, the longest notice, as might have been expected, being accorded to Major Whyte Melville, who was evidently an intimate friend of the writer. Amongst his numberless admirers Whyte Melville could have found no more appreciative biographer; one, moreover, who avoids a very common error when writing of the Pytchley Poet Laureate; for, while fully recognizing his adoration for horses, and his powers of describing their points either in prose or verse, our author is perfectly aware that Melville's own animals were usually of an inferior stamp, and that Lord Hopetoun was not far from the mark when he described them, as he once did in the hearing of the present reviewer, as "little, weak, violent animals that can't jump." It was no rabbit-hole, as here stated, which cost "poor George" his life; his horse caught his toe in a grass baulk traversing a ploughed field, and want of shoulders probably caused the short, sharp fall which ended a bright career. Amongst the hundreds of readers who will revel in the pages of this scarlet-and-white-clad volume, it may safely be predicted that not one will lay it down without a feeling of deep regret that Mr. Nethercote should not have lived to see its publication and to rejoice in its assured popularity.

GRUPPE'S GREEK RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY.*

"**W**RITE seriously when you write about serious things," says the Countess, in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. The Origin and Diffusion of Religion and Myth is a serious topic, and Herr Gruppe writes about it seriously. His first volume, the only volume yet published, contains more than seven hundred large and closely printed pages. The earnestness of the author, who was frequently tempted, he tells us, to lay down his pen at the prospect of his vast preliminary toils, is honourable and winning. He is learned and thorough in the good German style; he is also lucid. And yet, and yet, his long avenue, bordered, like the avenue at Branchide, by the statues of ancient priests, leads up, we fear, to nothing more solemn than a mare's-nest. Even if we are right, Herr Gruppe's book scarcely loses its value. Not his theories, but his array of facts, documents, and criticisms makes the worth of his book—a very great worth, which we heartily acknowledge. We have no rival here to *Die Griechischen Culte und Mythen* in thoroughness and erudition. Nor is it possible to say that Herr Gruppe's ideas is demonstrably wrong, though it distinctly fails to approve itself to our judgment. We may call it fantastic, we may even deny its originality, we are certain that it is too exclusive; but to disprove an hypothesis in matter so remote and obscure is not possible.

Granting that man has the potentiality of worship and belief, how was it developed into actual life? How do the forms of faith, of ritual, and of myth come to resemble each other so closely among the most widely severed peoples? Now, as to the first question, the origin of religion, it is not within our power to give one cut-and-dried answer. The religious answer, that God has not at any time left Himself without a witness; that He has so fashioned men that they are constrained to feel after Him and find Him, cannot be dismissed as a mere superstitious theory. But, setting this aside, people will argue about the steps by which man was guided—or the illusions through which he encouraged himself—to feel after religion. When an inquirer has provided himself with his theory on that subject—his theory on the origins of religion—he will next solve to his own satisfaction the problem of the diffusion of religion. Did the impulses that make for faith, worship, and myth affect men similarly wherever man existed? Or shall we say that the resemblances of creeds and rituals are to be accounted for by borrowing and transmission? Did man become religious and mythopoeic in one region, and were myths and religion thence transmitted all over the world?

To the latter question Herr Gruppe answers that religion arose in the East, in Asia, and reached the Indo-European peoples after the so-called Aryan dispersion, after they had divided into nations. The "Pro-ethnic" Indo-Europeans cannot be proved, he thinks, to have had any religion; they borrowed it after they reached the

* *Die Griechischen Culte und Mythen in ihren Beziehungen zu den Orientalischen Religionen.* Von Otto Gruppe. Leipzig: Teubner.

Ethnic stage. Religion was diffused from an Oriental centre. To the first question, What was the origin of religion, or of the illusion that begot religion? Herr Gruppe practically replies (though he does not quote the Master) in the mystic word of the *Dive Bouteille* :—

TRINC!

That there may be no mistake about the matter, we quote Herr Gruppe's own language :—

Sie, welche bestimmt war, im Laufe der Jahrhunderte das Leben der größten Culturvölker zu durchdringen, welche dereinst gleichsam das Leben des Menschen vervielfachen sollte, indem sie neben die concreta Welt eine viel wertvollere ideelle setzte, tritt uns in der ältesten Religionsquelle nicht allein in bescheidenen Anfängen entgegen, sondern zugleich praktisch betätig in einem Cultus, der mit den künftigen Aufgaben der Religion sehr wenig gemeinsam hatte. Der Cultusact war nicht etwa nur mit einem Gelage verbunden, sondern er war recht eigentlich ein Gelage : man verehrte die Götter, indem man sich berauschte, und der Genuss des Rauschtranks war die Andacht. Diese Art des Cultus musste aber in hohem Maasse förderlich auf die Verbreitung der ältesten Religion einwirken. Die neue Lehre forderte zwar ein Opfer für die Götter, aber diese kleine der Gläubigen auferlegte Entbehrung ward weit überwogen durch den Genuss, den die Religion nicht allein gestattete, sondern recht eigentlich veranlasste.

Drinking was the actual worship, and "this kind of worship must have been extremely serviceable in the propaganda of the earliest religion."

O Bouteille,
Pleine toute de mystères
D'une oreille,
Je t'escoute ; ne diffères
Et le mot profères,
Auquel pend mon cœur,
En la tain divine liqueur.

Our reason for denying complete originality to Herr Gruppe is now apparent. Maître François came before him. Moreover, among the many sources of the religious "illusion" Mr. Tylor had reckoned the visions begotten by various early narcotics and stimulants.

The objections to Herr Gruppe's hypothesis, as it is thrown down like a challenger's glove at the end of his first chapter, are too numerous and too obvious to be dwelt upon. If intoxication can beget religion, man might "get religion" wherever he could get drink. Now most rational beings have their own ways of getting drunk. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Indo-European man had plenty to drink before the "ethnic period." As Mr. Jevons says in the *Classical Review*, "the stimulant which, according to Herr Gruppe, called into exercise the latent capacity for religious illusion was long known to the pro-ethnic Indo-European, who yet, according to him, had no religion." Indeed, this part of the subject scarcely requires more notice.

The learning and the criticism of Herr Gruppe deserve closer attention. He is convinced that the myths and beliefs of widely scattered races are so much akin that they cannot have been separately evolved, that they must have been borrowed. On this topic every one must judge for himself. If anybody thinks it more likely that a polytheism resembling the polytheism of India, Greece, and Rome was carried to Mexico and Peru than that human beings in similar circumstances developed similar ideas, why, he has a right to his opinion. If he prefers to hold that Australians, Maoris, Dene Hareskins, borrowed the story of the Deluge from Asiatic sources, his theory cannot be disproved. It is a mere case of balancing evidence. That Aztec ritual should resemble Egyptian ritual may be explained by transmission from Egypt, or may be explained by saying that Aztecs and Egyptians, having similar superstitions to express in action, expressed them in similar ways. It is certain that in times of active commerce, historical and even prehistoric, the Greeks, Phoenicians, Babylonians, Egyptians, borrowed from each other gods, rites, and myths; while the later Orphic poets were under Oriental influences. But we think this borrowing was infinitely more common in historic than in prehistoric times, when the Greeks were *pueblo* or village Greeks. We cannot agree with Herr Gruppe and Herodotus that the myths and mysteries of the mangled Dionysus were borrowed from those of Osiris. Are we to suppose that the mangled Ymir of Scandinavia and the mangled Dog of the remote Tinnies are borrowed from Purusha, Dionysus, or Osiris? Possibly Herr Gruppe has a theory to account for the appearance of European *Märchen* among the Huochiris; but these are points about which we may agree to differ.

Like every one else, Herr Gruppe, when he criticizes his predecessors, disposes of them readily, though he argues with perfect fairness and urbanity. We need not delay over his inspection of ancient theories of Mythology. It is a pity that he dismisses the Fathers of the Church so hastily; they had some excellent ideas. Mr. Max Müller is met with familiar weapons; the vast divergences of conjecture among the etymologists are illustrated by copious examples. The Grimms and Mannhardt, an illustrious exponent and improver of their ideas, are criticized. To Mannhardt's mind—and we agree with him—most heroic myths which resemble popular *Märchen* are younger than some form of the *Märchen*, are the *Märchen* elaborated and woven into epic or into national legend. How can the heroes of Greek Saga or the Gods of Olympus have arisen out of such "somebodies as the characters of *Märchen*?" asks Herr Gruppe. Well, it is not argued that Odysseus, for example, was developed out of the nameless hero of a popular tale. What we say is that some tales were floating about, and that the name of a god or hero was also in the air, and in men's minds. The unattached adventures of the persons in the *Märchen*

were then attributed to the popular god, or hero. Everyone knows that floating jests and anecdotes are always changing owners. Tales are told of Talleyrand, Napoleon, Sydney Smith, which are found in Greek collections of anecdotes, and which were old then. We do not say that Talleyrand was developed out of some person in Athenaeus, or that General Jackson was developed out of Villon. But a tale or jest which was attributed to the old Greek or old Frenchman was later assigned to the modern Englishman or American. Does Herr Gruppe himself believe that none of the adventures of Odysseus in Homer were sporadically current before the name of Odysseus was heard of? Does he think that the tale of the hero who jumps inside the monster and kills him was first told of Heracles? The truth is that the *Märchen* are found scattered among many races who do not possess the heroic myth. The *Märchen* retain more archaic incidents than the myth. And when the *Märchen* is taken up into literature, as by Perrault, you can see the most archaic elements disappearing in the process. To be sure, it is certain that some myths have degenerated into *Märchen*—a fact illustrated in the folklore of modern Greece—and that there is a double process, a come and go, the people borrowing from literature and literature borrowing from the people. But literature has borrowed most. The people, as Herr Gruppe says, cannot itself invent a story; some one individual must start it. But, when we say that a work is of popular origin, we mean that it came first from some unknown individual, not an artistic poet, but an inventor in the popular early stage of thought and style.

When he has settled Kuhn and Mr. Max Müller, Herr Gruppe tackles the ideas which have often been advocated in the *Saturday Review*. These ideas are that the wild, unseemly, and irrational element in the myths of civilized peoples is a legacy, preserved by religious conservatism, from times of savagery, times when barbarous men believed in magic, and took little or no distinction between themselves and all other things which they regarded as personal and animated beings. This means that men have advanced from a similar intellectual condition, unlike the "scientific attitude." Herr Gruppe replies that the likenesses among savages are negative, that they all do different things; some are polygamous, others monogamous, and so on. But who denied it? Savages are in very various conditions of culture; but all of them, from the Australian at the bottom to the Maori at the top, have certain similar conditions of thought, have ways and institutions in common which civilized man has abolished. We do not say that, because "Borough English" is common among the lower races, and because it is probably a result of polygamy, and because the preference for the youngest child in *Märchen* may be a relic of the institution, we do not therefore say that all savages are polygamous. We only say, when we find in *Märchen* the preference for the younger child among races known to be, or to have been, polygamous, or to have, or to have had, a form of Borough English, that *there* the institution may help to explain part of the *Märchen*. Custom is not, as Herr Gruppe seems to believe, the chief source of myth, in our opinion. But survivals of savage customs in civilized story raise a presumption in favour of the earlier existence of the custom in practice: while, again, some stories appear to have been invented to explain certain customs. Herr Gruppe rather boldly denies that a story can retain from earlier times ideas repugnant to people who hear it in later times. The narrators, he says, would modify it to suit their audience. Then did the horrors of Greek myth harmonize with the ideas of Pindar, Xenophanes, Plato? Of course they did not. And how could the narrators modify the story when the narrators were priests who set it forth, on solemn occasions, as the "sacred chapter" of a religious mystery? Does Herr Gruppe think that they would venture to expurgate myths which, as we know, greatly needed Bowdlerizing? The poets, Pindar and the dramatists, did modify the myths to make them harmonize with the ideas of their age. But the exhibitors of the Mysteries, and of the sacred *zoama*, could take no such liberties. When Herr Gruppe says German *Märchen* have been modified from their Indian or Arabic originals (p. 209), he first begs the question that the German *Märchen* are, as a rule, derived from India or Arabia; and, next, forgets that only the conservatism of children preserves *Märchen*. The conservatism of priests engaged in a holy and efficient ritual, like those who revealed the sacred chapters of Greece, must have been even stronger than the conservatism of children.

The later chapter of Herr Gruppe's vast work examines the sources of our knowledge of Indian, Egyptian, Phoenician, Babylonian, and Greek myths, and contains examples of actual processes of borrowing. It is invaluable to the student of religion, even if he thinks that the borrowing is chiefly late, and of historic times. Few will go all lengths with Herr Gruppe in theory, but all will thank him for his devoted industry and his rare lucidity. That his judgment is equal to his other gifts we cannot venture to say.

NEW PRINTS.

M. ALFRED STEVENS is a wit among painters, but he has done nothing better, either in colour or in words, than the picture in the Brussels Gallery called "La Bête à Bon Dieu," a fine and important etching of which has just been made by Mr. Phillip Zilcken of the Hague. It is a pleasantries, a "good thing," an agreeable epigram, from the first brush-stroke to the title.

M. Stevens excels in the representation of the modern woman; with *parisine*, that exquisite and taking essence, his art is impregnated; he is one of the few—the very few—true painters of society. One thinks of his men and women as Thackeray thought of those of Charles de Bernard—they are not the invention of a vigorous and brilliant ignoramus, but the studies from the life of an artist who is also a man of the world. The heroine of "La Bête à Bon Dieu" is not a lady who is received; she belongs to the *demi-monde*, indeed, and is rather inoffensive than respectable; but M. Stevens has painted her as carefully and well as he might a duchess. The type—that of the gentle, patient, amiable creature who is always *bon enfant* and *bon camarade*, and who in any crisis is certain to get the worst of the affair, and to endure it without grudge or complaint—has been studied with the intelligence of generosity, and is rendered with a singular charm; the accessories of a brilliant and conspicuous costume are represented with as it were an athletic ease. M. Stevens has what some one has called "le sentiment du chiffon," and he has contrived to make his sitter as attractive in her dress as she is pleasing in herself. In Mr. Zilcken's plate (London: Buck & Reid) the millinery is perhaps more successfully handled than the wearer. Mr. Zilcken's treatment of the modelling of the lady's face is indeed a trifle vague; the type has lost nothing in beauty, but it has suffered somewhat in character and force and art. On the other hand, the several textures are rendered with exemplary skill, the tone is excellent, the effect is charmingly decorative. The etching, indeed, is one to have and to hang. One might tire of it, no doubt; but from time to time one would always return to it with pleasure, and etchings of which this much can be said are nowadays not common.

The *Edipus Tyrannus of Sophocles* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes, 1888) is the name of a series of etchings by Mr. Robert Farren, illustrating the play as represented at Cambridge by members of the University in November, 1887. The plates are seven in number, and, if not of very high artistic quality, they are at least agreeably composed and executed with some taste and feeling. The costumes, too, are well rendered and the poses effective, although the outlines and the suggestions of modelling leave something to be desired in the way of exactitude and finesse. These faults become more apparent when tone and drawing are pushed pretty far, as in the etched portrait of Professor Villiers Stanford. Notwithstanding such faults the etchings are pleasant to look at, and form an interesting record of the costumes and *mise en scène* of the occasion.

SOME NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Mr. Stanley Lucas several new songs by Mr. Charles Salaman, which, apart from their exceptional merit, are at the present moment particularly interesting, since their distinguished composer has just completed the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the musical profession which he has so conspicuously enriched by his talent. The most recently composed of these is "A Woman's Heart," a ballad arranged for the three registers of the female voice, and one of the most charming works which Mr. Salaman has composed since "I arise from dreams of thee." The melody is exceedingly pathetic, and, as might be expected, the accompaniment throughout masterly. "Love's Legacy" is also a delightful song, with excellent words by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman. "Murmured Music," too, is a beautiful song, the words of which have been admirably selected to suit the music. "Late, Late, so Late" is a really noble setting of the quaint song of the Little Novice in Lord Tennyson's "Guinevere." It is altogether one of the most remarkable of Mr. C. Salaman's numerous and successful songs.

From Messrs. Ricordi & Co., of London and Milan, we have a number of excellent new Italian songs which are printed with that clearness of type which distinguishes the publications of this great Italian establishment, which has, moreover, the advantage of very rarely publishing inferior productions. There are several new songs by Signor Tosti—"Malia," for instance—which is in his usual well-known style, but very pretty; "Vieni," a charming little Barcarolle with a graceful flowing accompaniment, and "At the Convent Gate," already rapidly becoming popular in the concert-room. Five songs by the same composer, published together, include some of his most popular works, such, for instance, as "For Ever and for Ever" and "Help Me to Pray." Mr. J. Roeckel's "Two in a Garden" is so commonplace, and the words so insipid, that we are surprised that so usually successful a composer should have put his name to it. His "Lighthouse Pier" is, however, a very bright and spirited song. Very brilliant is Signor Luigi Arditi's vocal polka, "Fior di Margherita" (The Daisy), which Mlle. Valleria and Mlle. Nikita have already popularized. This last-named young lady has also lately introduced to the concert platform "Mia picciola," from Gomez's opera *Salvator Rosa*, one of the most original and graceful songs published in a very long time. Miss Maude Valérie White's Hungarian gipsy song is very characteristic and effective. "Hidden Love," by the same lady, is a quaint Norwegian ballad, with a sad plaintive melody. Two of her pianoforte pieces, "Danse fantastique," somewhat in the style of Chopin, and "Pensée fugitive," have merit, and will be found excellent for advanced pupils. Messrs. Ricordi & Co. are now issuing in cheap book-form, under title of *Eco di Napoli*, a complete collection of those tuneful Neapolitan ballads which we have often thought

would prove extremely popular if translated into English. The edition includes amongst other well-known *celebri canzoni*, "Te voglio bene assaje," "Santa Lucia," "La Carolina," and "Dimmi mi vota si." The extremely pretty music by M. Jacobi, composed for the grand ballet *Enchantment*, now being performed with so much success at the Alhambra, has been arranged by him for the piano, and published by Messrs. C. Mahillon & Co., of Oxford Street. We can recommend to amateurs both the Waltz and the Minuet, which are delightfully quaint, and by no means difficult to play.

A well-written and excellent piece is a sonata in C Major, by Erskine Allon, published by the London Music Publishing Co. Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us Five Romances for Violin and Piano, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, which are capital school studies. A spirited march, "Homeward Bound," is by Mr. W. H. Renshaw. Mr. Albert D. Furse has made a melodious setting of Longfellow's well-known words, "Two Locks of Hair." "Earth's Parting," by J. C. Grieve, has considerable distinction. A nice little song is "My Gentle Swallow," by Mr. Erskine Allon; but we cannot say much for "A Mountain Nymph," by Mr. J. Henderson. It is very commonplace and uninteresting.

Signor Carlo Ducci's studies for the pianoforte always give evidence of great care having been bestowed on their composition. His latest works, "Tzigamesca," published by Mr. E. Ascherberg, a characteristic Hungarian piece, and "Due Melodie," both effective and elegant. "Beyond the Shadows" is the name of a new vocal romance by Signor Ducci, which displays good inspiration, but has not been worked out with that finish which we have a right to expect from so clever a composer.

We have also received one or two new pieces from Messrs. Weekes & Co., among them some favourite melodies for violin and piano, progressively arranged by Mr. Frederic Weekes, evidently for teaching purposes; three useful organ pieces, by Cuthbert Nunn; and "Meditation," for the organ, by D. R. Munro, which should be popular as a church voluntary. "Sandringham," gavotte, by C. H. Marriott, is not an interesting addition to the long series of gavottes with which the music trade has been flooded of late; nor is Mr. E. Silas's Gavotte No. 8 of much greater merit. It is pretentious and confusing.

To be cordially recommended, especially for the use of schools, is the "Schletterer Album," which contains a great number of two-part songs by H. M. Schletterer, set to excellent words by A. J. Foxwell. This collection is published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE had to notice not long ago a book of M. Ludovic Carrau's on *La conscience*. The title of that book, with the fact that he has also translated Professor Flint's principal work into French, will help to give the measure of his treatment of religious and irreligious philosophy, from Locke to the present day, in England (1). This treatment is full, and in many ways satisfactory, and we have very little fault to find with it. We should not ourselves, we own, have given a final chapter in a book which opens with the great names of Butler and Berkeley to an American person of the name of Abbot; but M. Carrau himself anticipates this objection, and parries it in his preface so good-humouredly that we cannot insist on it very obstinately. Another fault very common in authors of all kinds nowadays, and, to our thinking, a very bad fault, is sometimes a little noticeable in him. He seems more anxious to tell us what Professor Veitch thinks of what Mr. Mill thought of Sir William Hamilton than to tell us what Hamilton thought in the first instance, and though he more than once mentions Mansel, we find (it is true there is neither index nor detailed contents to help us) no account of the famous Bampton Lectures, which to some persons would seem the most considerable work of religious philosophy, strictly so called, which has been produced in England during the last half-century at least. Yet again, in common with all foreigners, he seems to think far too much (we do not mean too highly) of Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the book is a good book for all this.

The increased attention which has been paid of late years to what may be called the scientific aspect of the art of horsemanship is remarkable. For the present we only briefly mention M. Baroil's (2) contribution to these hippo-mathematics, as we may call them, we trust without flippancy, and we shall hope to return to them.

The number of the *Artistes célèbres* (3) devoted to Velazquez is somewhat bulkier than most of the series, and certainly no one will grudge its bulk. M. Paul Lefort has given a careful summary in his text, and the engravings are numerous. Ordinary woodcuts, however, especially on ordinary paper, cannot do justice to the qualities, and especially the texture, of the incomparable portraits to which the great Spaniard, though by no means only a portrait-painter, owes his fame. The etching-needle and copper can get a little nearer; but it is curious how Velazquez, whose special forte is in black, mocks those arts which deal in nothing but black and white. Reproduction suits such compositions

(1) *La philosophie religieuse en Angleterre*. Par Ludovic Carrau. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *L'art équestre*. Par E. Baroil. Paris: Rothschild.

(3) *Les artistes célèbres—Velazquez*. Par Paul Lefort. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

as the capital "Réunion de gentilhommes," given here from the Louvre picture, better than his great single figures. Still, whatever its inevitable shortcomings, the book is a welcome collection of always delightful and admirable work.

People who like a salmagundi of personal reminiscences destitute alike of pretentiousness and spite, with miscellaneous anecdotes nearly always amusing, and with odds and ends of all sorts, cannot do better than read the *Souvenirs* (4) of the twin singers and reciters, MM. Lionnet. It is some time since we have met a pleasanter book of the peculiar kind, and we have never met one more void of offence—except here and there to very "fie-fie" persons indeed.

Among school books we have an edition (the second recently received) of part of Thierry's *Récits mérovingiens* (Hachette), by M. Testard, the notes of which, though weighted with the usual overflows of Brachet, are in the main to the point and sensible; a selection of Florian's Fables, by Rev. C. Yeld (Macmillan), with a vocabulary, illustrations, notes, and exercises, the inevitable Brachet being confined to the introduction; and a *Public Examination French Reader*, by A. M. Bowers (Whittaker; G. Bell & Sons), giving a good collection of very miscellaneous pieces, marred only by the objectionable vocabulary. Mr. Bowers pleads for this that in hunting the dictionary "much valuable time is wasted." Let us distinguish. If the object is merely to get up a cram-knowledge that will pass public examinations, and then may be forgotten, perhaps it is; if the object is knowledge proper, then no time is better spent than that spent in dictionary-hunting.

M. Léon de Tinseau has gone much nearer in *Charme rompu* (5) to making good the promise of *L'attelage de la marquise* than in any of the books which, rather rapidly, have come between the two. The story is touching, and conducts itself not exactly as the reader expects. The heroine, separated from her husband for no fault of her own, loves and is loved by an artist who is also (at least in the author's intention) a perfect gentleman. How, partly by her fault this time, though not wholly, the "charm is broken" may be found out from the book, and shall not be revealed in detail here. If there is a drawback to the novel, it is to be found, first, in the fact that M. de Tinseau does not make Nadia Fresnel's momentary infatuation quite probable, and, secondly, in the fact that the hero seems to be left rather better off than he deserves, while the other heroine—the pattern of virtue and religion—accepts the reversion of her cousin's left-handed husband, in that cousin's lifetime, after a fashion which religion of the strictest kind hardly sanctions. But these things always depend on taste. *La petite Marthe* (6) rewards virtue and punishes vice much more unequivocally; and, as for the dreadful things which a tyrannic government did to la princesse Tarakanoff (7), are they not written in the chronicles of Danilewsky?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR the series of American "Men of Letters" Mr. John Bach McMaster has produced a biography of Franklin under the title *Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), a volume not without industrious research, and commendable for scrupulous adherence to the scheme of the series. It is not a little curious that so many memoirs exist of a man whose chief literary work is an *Autobiography*, which is one of the best of its class. Mr. McMaster has wisely devoted his energies to the literary work of Franklin, one of the most active pamphleteers in an age of pamphlets. Thus Franklin's ten years' sojourn in France and England, 1764-75, which, excepting the pamphlet provoked by the Hutchinson Letters, was not a productive literary period, is dealt with in some five-and-twenty pages. His political career is set forth within the reasonable limits necessary to the effective narration of the story of his prowess as a controversialist. Mr. McMaster's excellent account of the sources and growth of the "Poor Richard" publications suggests a field of research not yet completely gleaned by the historian of almanacs and their makers. Franklin's scriptural paraphrases with political applications are treated a little too seriously by Mr. McMaster, though he writes of Franklin's absolute insensibility to poetry and the graces of style in the only spirit possible to persons of taste and intelligence. Franklin's vulgarity was indeed ingrained and irrepressible. Here and there Mr. McMaster might with advantage have been more liberal with dates. An explanatory note, or date, seems wanting at page 92, where, after discussing Franklin's "Parable against Persecution" and another tract of the period, the biographer observes, "Each of these pieces was much admired, and the fame of them involved Franklin in a work that signally failed. Sir Francis Dashwood was then abridging the Book of Common Prayer" (with what object Mr. McMaster does not say). "Lord Le Despencer asked Franklin to help." In the following pages the narrative is continued:—"After 1740 Franklin almost ceased to contribute essays to the *Gazette*." The American reader may need the reminder that the barony of Le Despencer was merged in

(4) *Souvenirs et anecdotes*. Par les frères Lionnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Charme rompu*. Par L. de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *La petite Marthe*. Par H. Leriche. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *La princesse Tarakanoff*. Par Danilewsky. Traduction de H. Olivier. Paris: Dupret.

the earldom of Westmorland at this date, and Sir F. Dashwood became Lord Le Despencer in 1763. The conjunction of the two names without some indication of their relationship is confusing to the general reader. The strange vicissitudes of fate that attended Franklin's manuscripts after the author's death, which embraced the *Autobiography* itself, are treated at considerable length by Mr. McMaster. It was not until 1832 that the United States Government was induced to purchase for 35,000 dollars the collection of papers which had passed through many hands to be rejected by the British Museum and "a long succession of American Ministers in England." Mr. McMaster's estimate of Franklin's literary work is somewhat elusive, if not contradictory. After declaring Franklin to be the best imitator of Addison, with wit as keen and "style sometimes better," and the speech in the "Divorce of Algiers" to be unsurpassed by Arbuthnot and Swift, he finds it "impossible to place him with respect to Irving and Prescott" and the makers of American literature. "There is no common ground of comparison." If Franklin's early essays do not permit comparison with Washington Irving, it is hard to admit him of Addison's company.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Our Sentimental Journey* (Longmans & Co.) is a lively account of a cycling tour in France, along roads and through towns and hamlets immortalized by Sterne, the results of which ought to communicate much of the pleasures of the excursion to the discreet reader, even if Mr. Ruskin be not converted to the new progression of travellers. You may fairly measure the enjoyment of the trip by the joyous spirit of the voyagers' notes and the radiance and expansive force of Mr. Pennell's delightful drawings. These last are as full of character and suggestiveness of line as those on the Italian journey, and indeed comparable only with them. Some of the tiny landscapes in Picardy or the Bourbonnais possess a strange power of moving latent reminiscences; a little vignette of an ancient château, with its red-capped towers overhanging a stream, brings to the eye a pageantry of river and valley scenes at a mere glance. Despite its title, the book is a tribute to the fascination of Sterne in an oblique sense only. To be sure there is a letter dedicatory which might well astonish the thin shade of Lorry Slim. But the *Letters to Dead Authors* of Mr. Andrew Lang are properly held responsible for this.

The *Apostle of the Indians of Guiana* (Wells Gardner & Co.) is the rather compromising title of a readable memoir of the late Rev. W. H. Brett, compiled by the Rev. F. P. L. Josa. The book deals mainly with the labours of Mr. Brett during forty years' sojourn among the Caribs and other Indians of Guiana, who appear to have been as docile and amenable to civilization as the Caribs of the West Indian islands were in the old days of Spanish conquest. Certainly the results of Mr. Brett's able and energetic efforts are remarkable reading. At p. 35 there is a reference to the odd custom among the natives of flying to the woods and cutting down trees to impede the evil spirit of pestilence, though at p. 98 we read of the flight of Caribs from a fever-stricken place and the cutting down of trees "to stop others from coming among them."

Mr. Raphael Lédois de Beaufort has translated Prince Napoleon's recent work on Napoleon under the title *Napoleon and his Detractors* (Allen & Co.), to which he has prefixed a biographical sketch of the author which reflects a good deal of the enthusiasm of conviction.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage (Harrison & Sons) makes due reference to Her Majesty's Jubilee in a prefatory article, indicating the various honours created in connexion with that celebration. These are sufficiently numerous to add considerably to both Peerage and Baronetage, while the lists of Knighthood, with the new Distinguished Service Order, show a notable augmentation. The work of revision appears in all respects to have been carried out with the thoroughness and accuracy of previous issues. From the obituary notices two peerages expired in 1887 by the decease, without issue, of Viscount Lyons and Lord Northwick; and five baronetcies have become extinct.

The new *Debrett* (Dean & Son)—the 175th—in accordance with its system of personal revision, benefits by the voluntary aid of more than thirty thousand correspondents interested in the completion and accuracy of this well-proved favourite. The Jubilee honours are computed at upwards of 420, a number that may naturally be said to be unprecedented. In addition to the Viscount of Lyons and the Barony of Northwick, the Barony of Clermont (created in 1885 in the United Kingdom peerage) is recorded as extinct by the death of Lord Clermont, though the title is borne by Lord Carlingford, on whom the older Irish peerage devolved. The extinction of the United Kingdom peerage is, of course, recorded in *Burke*, but that authority does not reckon the Barony of Clermont among extinct peerages in its annals of the year.

We have received *Thom's Official Directory for 1888* (Dublin: Thom & Co.); the *Dramatic and Musical Directory*, 1888 (U. H. Fox); the *London Diocese Book and Almanac for 1888* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *George Sand*, translated by Gustave Masson from the French of Elme Marie Caro, "Great French Writers" series (Routledge); *Goethe's Boyhood*, a translation, by John Oxenford, of the first part of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (G. Bell & Sons); *Carlyle's French Revolution*, a shilling reprint in one volume (Ward, Lock, & Co.); the *Service Almanack for 1888* (Harrison & Son); the third edition of the *Roll and Memo. Book for Royal Engineers* (Chatham: Gale & Polden); the *Faber Birthday Book*, compiled by H. Beatson Laurie (Washbourne);

Percy Bysshe Shelley, by H. S. Salt (Sonnenschein); *What to Read at Entertainments*, by Frederick Langbridge (Religious Tract Society); and *Duchesse Renée*, by Sarton C. J. Ingham (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union).

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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BRITISH MUSEUM.

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British Museum,

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